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## CHRONICLE.

Political Speeches, &c. **SIR CHARLES RUSSELL** this week, like **SIR JOHN GORST** last, had (on Monday) a very noisy reception from the "unemployed" of Hackney.

On Tuesday **LORD SALISBURY** and **MR. ASQUITH** addressed large meetings of the supporters of their respective parties, the first at Preston, the second at Glasgow. These coincidences supply much more amusement than the set speech and answer of succeeding days, and it must have been with considerable interest that men read **MR. ASQUITH'S** indictment against the House of Lords as a painfully insufficient bulwark against popular unwisdom, and **LORD SALISBURY'S** undesigned counter-demonstration that the House of Commons does much less mischief when it discusses than when it legislates. A curious manifesto was issued by certain *soi-disant* working-men's leaders on the subject of the Local Veto Bill, repeating the old fallacies on that matter. With one sentence, however, one may agree. "The matter is absolutely and entirely in their [the poorer classes'] hands." It is; and as no soul alive can force them to lift those hands to their lips unless they choose, the necessity or use of "Local Veto" does not appear.

On Wednesday **LORD SALISBURY** and **MR. ASQUITH** were both visited by deputations, to one of which **LORD SALISBURY** made a further general speech on the political situation, drawing especial attention to the naval dangers of Home Rule. **LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL** addressed a large Unionist meeting at Bedford, with the Duke thereof in the chair, a satisfactory rallying of the head of the greatest of the great English Whig houses to the national cause.

**SIR EDWARD GREY** spoke at Alnwick on Thursday night, and did what in him lay to put a face on the policy of the Ministry.

The Duke of The lie about the Duke of CONNAUGHT and Connaught. Tel-el-Kebir, which has been a favourite stock-in-trade with Gladstonian dealers in that article, has been scotched this week, though no doubt not killed (for a lie is in its nature immortal), by **MR. CHILDERS** and **LORD WOLSELEY**. **LORD WOLSELEY** declares, in the most unconditional way, that no one ever suggested to him to take any special care of the Duke, and that the latter, who was one of his best brigadiers, simply took his chance as to the position of his brigade with others.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The foreign news of this day week contained two things which formed a rather ominous conjunction—an elaborate account of the almost frantic rejoicings with which the Russian fleet had been received at Toulon, and the report of a brush between Russians and Afghans on the Pamirs, wherein a Russian expedition, trying to force its way through Roshan from the recent Pamir encroachments to Darwaz, had been stopped and forced back by the Afghans. This once more illustrates what we have so often urged—the impolicy of leaving the delimitation in these quarters vague. **LORD ROSEBURY** had replied to **LORD DUDLEY'S** note in reference to the *Pallas* at Bangkok, admitting that the matter requires explanation, but saying that he was not yet in a position to give it. The Indian Press was making the best of **LORD ELGIN'S** appointment. The Swaziland Convention had been extended till next June; a thing doubly satisfactory, both in view of the present events further north (as to which there was no positive news) and as showing that no complete surrender to the Boers has been made. The "continuous sitting" of the United States Senate had, after thirty-nine hours, broken down, the anti-Silver party being unable to keep up a quorum, and the Silver men, though not repeating the deathless action of Senator **ALLEN**, showing good store of wind-bags, who could blow for nine hours or so without any difficulty.

There was no fighting news from Mashonaland on Monday morning, but there arrived the report of a very clever speech by **MR. RHODES** at Fort Salisbury, putting the Company's case in the best light. Very long and very curious descriptions also came of the festivities at Toulon, where the wildest enthusiasm prevailed, and where **Mme. ADAM** appears to have played the part—of course, transposed into a perfectly peaceful and decorous key—of **THAIS** at Persepolis or **THÉROIGNE DE MÉRICOURT** at the Tuileries. All was well with the British Mission at Cabul, and news had been received of **SIR GERALD PORTAL**, who was returning from Uganda down the Tana, a useful variation of route. **M. MIZON** had apparently thought better of his designs on the Cameroons Hinterland, and was coming home. In Brazil, President **PEIXOTO** had issued a long and dignified proclamation, explaining that the protection of the national flag was not intended for abandoned persons like those about Admiral **DE MELLO**, and accordingly withdrawing it from him

and them. This is majestic, if perhaps a little ineffective; but it cannot be said to be hasty, seeing that the Admiral under this very flag has been firing on the President for some weeks, and will doubtless continue to fire.

It was reported on Tuesday morning that volunteers for Mashonaland having been called for from the Black Watch and other regiments now at the Cape, almost the whole of the men had offered; but the selection had been necessarily confined to men who could ride, and a first draft was to start at once, to be attached to the Bechuanaland force. There was an odd debate between the Colonial Office and the Queensland Government as to the granting by the latter of a subsidy to a French telegraph cable from New Caledonia to Queensland, which the Colonial Office had the rather unusual prescience to reflect might be useful to the French in time of war. The fact is that not a few difficulties of the same kind are likely to arise; and this (with the leading case of the Vosges Tunnels) ought never to be forgotten. The Franco-Russian *tamasha* had been transferred from Toulon to Paris, and, by the merest accident of course, the English Mediterranean fleet had dropped in at Taranto, where the Italians were nearly as glad to see it as the Provençals were to greet Admiral AVELLAN. The French, moreover, were still in ecstasies over the condescension of the CZAR in paying a visit at Copenhagen to two of their warships—a visit, by the way, which must have made cold water run down the backs of reminiscent Danes. It is, of course, for Frenchmen, and not for others, to estimate the figure which national dignity cuts in this affair; but it may be generally laid down that he who has not heard a Scotch Radical pronounce the words "His Lordship," and has not seen the fuss which a Republic makes over an emperor, knows not what the tone and aspect of unfeigned worship is. There had been fresh coal-striking in Belgium.

The reception of the Russians at Toulon had been warm, at Paris it was "delirious." Admiral AVELLAN is said to have cried "How admirable and sympathetic is this people of Paris!" What the Admiral probably thought was, "If those other fellows at Taranto were to meet us off Corsica next week and we were soundly beaten, how this people of Paris would be crying 'Nous sommes trahis! A bas AVELLAN! A bas l'alliance Russe!'" Meanwhile the other fellows at Taranto were fraternizing, if not deliriously, very well.

On Thursday morning some details arrived of the number and armament of KHAMA'S contingent against the Matabele. The American Senate was still filibustering the Silver Bill. France and Russia were still convulsively embracing. Signor GIOLITTI in Italy had propounded a programme of peace abroad and income-tax at home. (We know it well in England, the programme of peace abroad and income-tax at home.) The news from Brazil was still of an inglorious confusion.

It was rumoured, but not universally, yesterday morning, that Count TAAFFE had dropped the project of his Reform Bill, which scarcely any party approved. There was also a report that President CLEVELAND would cut his knot by suspending the Silver Bill, which is rapidly driving American finance into a huge deficit. The rumoured skirmish on the Pamirs was toned down. The first Parliament of Natal had met, and the Age of Innocence and Crown-Colony-government was over there.

The University. This day week at St. Andrews a ceremony was held in honour of Emeritus Professor LEWIS CAMPBELL in connexion with the establishment of a medal for Greek Scholarship. Professor CAMPBELL, in speaking, made lengthy reference to his late friend, Mr. JOWETT. At Oxford on the same day a laboratory

for the study of human anatomy was opened. On Saturday, also, appeared a letter from Mr. CHAWNER, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, which may be commended to the attention of any persons who may have thought that we spoke too strongly in our article of last week headed "Cassandra in Conference." Mr. CHAWNER'S sketch of the "Scramble for Scholars" going on now at his own University is exceedingly picturesque—whether it is also painful may be left to readers to decide.

On Wednesday "Mansfield College, Oxford," received a sister in "Manchester College, Oxford," which was opened with the usual affluence of "Doctors" and "Reverends," and in the presence of some of those members of the University whose Liberalism stifles their wisdom. As there is no Trade Mark Act in such matters, these enterprising seminaries will no doubt continue to call themselves, and to be called, by a title which is a pure and simple *suggestio falsi*. It is rumoured, too, that Oxford is no longer to have the sole benefit of these parasitic growths, the celebrated Academy of Homerton (more generally called 'Omerton by its *alumni*) having bought the forlorn buildings of the defunct "Cavendish," and being about to commence "Homerton College, Cambridge."

The Law Courts. The question of the Jewish mode of killing cattle came up at the end of last week at the Aberdeen Police Court; but the magistrate reserved his decision. The case was settled, or rather not settled, on Monday by a decision of Not Guilty in one case, and Not Proven in the other and more important, which in effect left the thing open. Sir CHARLES HALL was welcomed on returning after his long illness to take his seat as Recorder of London at the Central Criminal Court on the same day. COOMBS, the man accused of the presumed murder of the girl whose skeleton was found in the cave near Bath, was discharged last Tuesday. He may be thought to have been rather lucky, though the evidence against him was certainly of a rather indirect, and what is improperly called circumstantial, kind.—A very important licensing decision on appeal was given at Chester Quarter Sessions on Thursday, reversing the refusal of the Crewe magistrates to license houses occupied by "managers," not "tenants."

The Harveian Oration. The Harveian oration was delivered on Wednesday by Dr. PYE-SMITH, who touched on various subjects, but dwelt chiefly on the all-important distinction between the scientific and charlatanic views of disease, and the consequent methods of dealing with it.

The Welsh Land Commission. Lord PENRHYN last week did the good service, not merely of showing before the Welsh Commission how groundless were the attacks on himself, but of producing a very interesting anthology of extracts from the Welsh vernacular papers exhibiting the strangest combination of folly, spite, misrepresentation, disloyalty, and greed.

The Coal Strike. The "bluff" was kept up on both sides in the coal dispute towards the end of last week; but a great drop in prices took place on the London market, and, except in Lancashire and Yorkshire, there was a good deal of resumption.

A great demonstration was held on Sunday in Hyde Park in favour of the striking miners, but it does not seem to have been much of a success. Meanwhile, the reopening of pits at the old rate was more and more extending everywhere, except in Lancashire and Yorkshire, which between them contain nearly two-thirds of the men still out. There was some slight fear of trouble in Durham, where the men, with more apparent reason on their side than usual, were asking for some reward for their good conduct, and some share of the bumper prices which the owners have been getting out



of the public. Attention has been drawn to some mischievous resolutions passed on the text of the strike by the Congregational Union. But it must be remembered that almost all the Dissenting bodies, with perhaps the honourable exception of the Wesleyans, are in the habit of currying, and are forced by their very nature to curry, favour with the lower classes who pay and support them. It is impossible for them to enjoy the independence of the clergyman, even if they would fain be independent.

More pits were actually opened on Monday, and a further drop took place in London prices; but the main block remained.

On Tuesday the ruffianism which has for some time been dormant (though there were slight revivals of it at the end of last week in Yorkshire) broke out again at St. Helen's, in Lancashire, and not only some men and boys who were doing the necessary work of keeping a colliery in order, but the deputy-manager, were mobbed and beaten, in spite of the interference of a body of police, who were themselves very roughly handled.

There was more rioting on Wednesday at St. Helen's, or rather at Haydock, in Lancashire; but in Yorkshire a pit or two increased the number of those working.

Next day there was still more rioting in the St. Helen's district, and the Featherstone Commission held its first formal sitting.

**Correspondence.** At the end of last week the City Solicitor defended the action of the Corporation towards the Fellowship Porters, and Colonel CLEMENTI drew attention to the continued efforts of the Charity Commissioners to ruin St. Paul's School.

Early in the week appeared two curious and characteristic communications from Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. O'BRIEN, the former lamenting the wickedness of that wicked "England" which still stands in the way of Home Rule, and the latter abusing Lord SALISBURY for calling attention to the fact that Mr. O'BRIEN has put him to the expense of some thousands of pounds. The medical attendants of Dr. CORNELIUS HERZ brought the hard case of that person before the public.

The question of the relations of the Peers and the Crown respectively to a dissolution, the Matabeleland dispute, the above-noticed problem as to scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, continued to occupy letter-writers on Tuesday, and Mr. W. H. HUDSON attempted a fresh crusade against the wearing of feathers. But not soon will you induce lovely woman not to stoop to that kind of barbaric folly, even by showing that it is accompanied by barbarous cruelty. "I didn't kill the birds," she will say, unanswerably.

**Racing.** The Newmarket Derby, the only race of interest on the last day of the Second October Meeting, was won by the Duke of BEAUFORT'S Son of a Gun.

There was a good deal of fair racing this week, at Gatwick and Gosforth Park, but nothing seems to require special notice except the Gatwick Handicap, on Wednesday, wherein Mr. BRODRICK-CLOETE'S Cereza, who has been doing something lately to remind men of her almost forgotten promise as a two-year-old, won very well from a field including Son of a Gun, Red Eyes, and others.

So also the Thirk and Sandown racing on Thursday was only noticeable for the Great Sapling Plate at the latter place, wherein five to two was laid on Mr. BLAKE'S renowned two-year-old Delphos. The colt had, however, to give twenty pounds to Colonel HEYWARD'S Marnovia, who, getting well off, made all the running on the short five-furlongs course, and won by three lengths before Delphos could catch her.

**Yachting.** The attempt of the *Valkyrie* to rescue the America Cup was finally baffled yesterday week when, for the first time in a really strong wind,

the third race was sailed again. On the windward beat the English boat had, as was expected, a considerable advantage over her opponent, and reached the turning-point well ahead, but she was beaten on the run back, though only (time allowance deducted) by twelve seconds. It may be a question whether "international" races of this kind ought not to be sailed at some intermediate point, such as the Azores, which would establish reasonably equal conditions in the matter of the preliminary ocean-crossing. And it is also worth considering whether it is not time to limit the competition to centreboard *v.* centreboard, or keel *v.* keel.

On Monday morning the time by which the *Valkyrie* had lost was corrected to forty seconds, but it was alleged that she would have won but for the successive splitting of two spinnakers, the celebrated Tussore silk one and another. On the other hand, the *Vigilant* pleaded a jammed centre-board. "A plague of both your dodges!" the old-fashioned yachtsman may say.

**Miscellaneous.** This day week the Ostend mail-boat, from Belgium, ran down a Danish schooner with all hands but one.—After an almost total cessation of cholera, a curious and serious outbreak was reported, last week, in Greenwich workhouse—a situation which would seem exceptionally favourable for tracing the cause. Singularly enough, it has been decided on investigation that this outbreak was not Asiatic cholera; but what it was seems to be unknown.

Some intelligence was published, early in the week, as to the progress of the movement for endowing the bishopric of Bristol.

Sir SIDNEY WEBB, speaking at a dinner given by the LORD MAYOR to the Trinity House and the Thames Conservancy, on Wednesday, declared that the Elder Brethren were hampered for want of money; which, if it be true, is perhaps the most glaring example of "penny wise, pound foolish" that has recently come under our notice.

The long and keen competition for the office of Marshal to the City of London was terminated on Thursday by the election of Sir SIMEON STUART, Bart.

**Obituary.** In Marshal MACMAHON, who died this week at a great age, France has lost one of the bravest soldiers and most honourable gentlemen, if not one of the greatest generals or the astutest politicians, that she ever possessed. The Marshal had always in him much more of the Irishman than of the Frenchman, and his freedom from self-advertising ways, his dislike to appearing in uniform, and other things, were very like the habits of the English soldier that he might have been but for the stupidity of the worst and foolish of the STUARTS. His early career in Algeria was dashing and distinguished, and when he rose to higher rank, the Crimean and Italian wars provided him with good opportunities, which he took. But then Fortune tired; and perhaps he was not quite fitted for supreme command. Only a miracle could have given him victory at Würth, and even a miracle would have been hard put to it to give him victory at Sedan. He crushed the Commune admirably, and in quite the right style; but his tenure of the Presidency was again marred by something of ill-luck and something of unfitness for the situation. For the last ten or fifteen years he had led a quiet life, and from birth to death one of unstained honour.—Mr. BIRCH, A.R.A., though not belonging in point of age to the younger group of sculptors who have done much to redeem their art from the low estate it held in England not many years ago, possessed a style far more vigorous than that of most of his own contemporaries and immediate seniors. The work by which he was perhaps best known, "The Last Call," was not wholly successful in a very difficult style; but it intended

much and achieved something.—It is probable that M. GOUNOD had at one time the widest popularity of any European composer of our day. Nor was he unworthy of it, while his merits were such as deserved something better than popularity. He enjoyed the rather unusual distinction of being equally good at secular and sacred music, and was perhaps the best setter of songs since SCHUMANN. If his death at seventy-five was really due to "overwork," it must be admitted that overwork is nearly as slow a poison as another lethal agent was once said to be.

#### BLACK AND WHITE.

THE silence of definite intelligence from Matabeleland, which has necessarily followed the moving of the columns away from the main telegraph-line, if not the interruption of that line itself, may be at any moment broken by news more or less decisive; or, which is by no means impossible, nothing may happen till the rainy season is so far advanced that nothing on our side can happen. In a certain sense the Company and its Imperial supports have girt themselves up for the fight very creditably. The Bechuanaland police, which is being every week and almost every day strengthened by carefully-chosen volunteers from the regular troops at the Cape, is, by the testimony of British officers, who are not apt to compliment irregulars in excess, one of the very smartest and handiest bodies of irregulars in existence. The Company's own troops have been formed on the same model, and are understood to be of little, if at all, inferior quality; while both forces are excellently mounted and furnished with arms. KHAMA's native contingent is also understood to be well equipped; the men are of good physique, they have old grudges against the Matabele in the past, and, what is more, everything at stake in the future. The cause of fighting, if it partakes a little of "the tyrant's plea," is real, and not pretended, necessity, and there is no doubt that the Matabele are, though physically fine, morally by no means noble, specimens of the savage. They practically exist for no purpose but to use the assegai, and though it is impossible not to feel a certain regret at what, sooner or later, at our hands, or at the hands of others, is before them, it must be admitted that they are impossible. "It means a brace of birds a day, my lady," said the gamekeeper, when he was bidden to spare a nest of hawks. "It means a not so exactly calculable number of Mashonas, of Makalakas, of Lake Ngami Bechuanas every year," the advocate of the Company may, in like manner, say when he is asked to keep hands off the Matabele.

We have, therefore, no great scruples about the lawfulness of this affair. But, on the other hand, we are not sorry to see some protests—not at all of the Exeter Hall kind—both against the additional blackening and curling of that sufficiently black and curly personage LOBENGULA, and against the jaunty nonchalance with which some talk as if eating a dozen LOBENGULAS for breakfast would be nothing at all to the followers of Major GOULD ADAMS and Dr. JAMESON. In the first respect Mr. HAROLD CRICHTON BROWNE has done good service; in the second he has joined his own to the weightier voice of Sir FREDERICK CARRINGTON. We really need not rake up old stories (some of which, as the other old story has it, are "perhaps not true") about LOBENGULA's massacres and his people's wickedness. It is enough that his and their ways are such as are practically intolerable in the midst of settlements or "spheres" under English rule, and that the Matabele must either be wiped out, or must make their way still further northwards to the still unsettled districts between the Zambesi and the

Congo for another respite; or, having had their power broken, like their cousins the Zulus proper, must like them be split up into weak and easily manageable divisions. We need not get ourselves into the mood of ROBINSON CRUSOE's seamen at Madagascar before setting about the administration of these alternatives. Dutch courage is not a good thing, but it is not, perhaps, very much worse than the courage which can only screw itself up by exaggerating the naughtiness of its opponents.

The other matter—the danger of undertaking the business with too light a heart, and with an insufficient supply of means—is a more serious one from every point of view. It seems (may NEMESIS be absent!) unlikely that any serious mishap will befall the Southern column. It is strong; it is accustomed to act together; it has plenty of native auxiliaries; and it is likely to wait till it is attacked. Dr. JAMESON's command, on the other hand, is exploring for an enemy—always a dangerous operation. We should regret any mishap to it most deeply, for more reasons than one or two. The men who form it are in some cases well known at home, and all are engaged in an enterprise of the very type and model of those which have made the English Empire, and we cannot spare one of them. Again, the upshot of the matter sooner or later, in this way or that, must be the same; it is quite certain that not even in the heart of Africa can a nation of hunters who hunt men first of all any more exist in these days. And, lastly, there is another thing. In the present state of English parties, and, we fear we must say, not of one English party only, it is impossible to say what effect any serious check in Matabeleland might have. The ever-accursed memory of the Transvaal surrender still haunts us; and, though we would fain hope that no Englishman can possibly be doomed to see two things like that in a single lifetime, who knows?

#### LORD SALISBURY AND MR. ASQUITH.

FOR comprehensiveness of survey and trenchancy of criticism the speech just delivered by Lord SALISBURY at Preston takes rank among the most effective of his popular addresses. It abounds in quotable sentences and in hits which go home. The attack is not only delivered all along the line, but with equal vigour at every point. The past performances, the present position, and the future prospects were all alike handled with uniformly damaging effect. Mr. GLADSTONE's adoption of the methods of the "sergeant-major" to force his now defunct Bill through the House of Commons; his monstrous pretension of a right to shelve it for the present, "with the intimation" that when he wants Irish votes it will be reproduced "again"; the audacity of his persistence in the pretence that a measure which demands from England a sum variously estimated at "anything between 500,000*l.* and 2,000,000*l.* a year, in order to support "a crazy and ricketty Republic in Ireland," is a "purely Irish matter"; and the outrageousness of the affront embodied in the proposal to pack the House of Commons with "80 foreign independent Irish members, whose votes," as it was excellently put, "will be no longer a trust, but a property, a perquisite, a something they can offer in exchange in the market of the Imperial Parliament"—upon all these insults to the intelligence and derogations from the rights of the people of Great Britain Lord SALISBURY enlarged with irresistible force and eloquence. But the Gladstonians, no doubt, are by this time case-hardened against chastisements which have been so often before administered to them. In all probability they will experience much keener sensations of discomfort at



LORD SALISBURY'S passing reference to their plans for the autumn Session, and at his disturbing warning to them of what they may expect from the House of Lords in the event of their attempting to pass the Employers' Liability Bill in a form which will exclude a large and important body of workmen from the benefits of the scheme of free contractual insurance which they at present possess and prefer, and force them within the cast-iron provisions of a statutory system of compensation. Those "apprehensions as to the autumn sittings" which the Gladstonian organ ludicrously attributes to LORD SALISBURY are in reality, as it well knows, agitating its own party in connexion with this particular Bill; and the perplexities in which Mr. MACLAREN'S amendment has involved them will be materially aggravated by the reflection that the supporters of that amendment will have the House of Lords on their and the popular side.

It is a little hard upon the HOME SECRETARY that he of all men should be appointed—or it argues not a little effrontery on his part that he of all men should appoint himself—apologist for the present attitude of the Government. In the days when Mr. ASQUITH was inquisitive, and before his curiosity was satisfied by office, he was in the habit of eloquently contending, as a reason why his leader should take the nation betimes into his confidence, that persistence in secrecy would justify the Lords in rejecting any Home Rule measure, on the plea that it had not been previously submitted to and approved by the constituencies. Mr. ASQUITH'S arguments, however, as we all know, and he must well remember, were urged in vain. The card was religiously kept up the Gladstonian sleeve; the Bill was introduced without having been previously submitted to and approved by the constituencies, and the Lords, in exact fulfilment of his anticipation, rejected it on the express grounds suggested by him. Mr. ASQUITH, therefore, is, to put it mildly, not the precise member of the Cabinet to whom considerations of special fitness, not to say of common decency, would have assigned the task of denouncing the House of Lords for conduct which he had already justified in advance. Undoubtedly he attacks his task with boldness; but, unfortunately, his display of the virtue is a little in excess. There is a kind of daring which suggests desperation; a species of confidence which, when displayed by an advocate who holds not only a bad brief which professional honour should have prompted him to return, is usually, if unkindly, described as "brass"; and many people will find an example of this questionable form of courage in the assertion that "the scheme of Home Rule introduced and carried through the House of Commons violates no pledges given to the electors last year," and "is in strict conformity with their express and explicit mandate." One cannot, perhaps, say quite as much of the allegation that "the cause of Home Rule has made enormous progress within the last twelve months," because it is rather an extravagant statement of opinion than, like the previously quoted sentence, a deliberate mis-statement of fact. But we may venture to ask Mr. ASQUITH, on the assumption that he really believes the proposition which he has advanced, to cite one single particle of evidence in support of it. This assertion of his, however, was only a temporary deviation into a speculative paradox. In the course of a few sentences he was back again among direct and flagrant perversions of the truth; as, for instance, in the statement that the discussion of the Home Rule Bill in Committee in the House of Commons has "compelled the Unionist party to drop the assumption that Home Rule was either detestable or impracticable." It was surely presuming too much on the Scotch Gladstonian's ignorance of Parliamentary forms to attempt to put him off with so absurd a pre-

tence of proof of this last proposition as is contained in the mere fact "that the whole intellect of the House of Commons, without distinction of party, was engaged, not in the serious consideration of whether Home Rule was or was not desirable or practicable, but in the adjustment of details by which it might be rendered a workable and satisfactory scheme." At this rate, and were there anything in Mr. ASQUITH'S argument but a childish mystification, no Parliamentary Opposition could ever take part in the proceedings in Committee on an obnoxious Bill without being understood to have thereby recalled their hostile vote upon its second reading, and admitted that it is in principle a desirable and practicable measure. How the whole intellect of the House of Commons, without distinction of party, was really employed in Committee on the Home Rule Bill we all know. The intellect of the Opposition was employed in reinforcing their condemnation of its principle by a patient exposure of the folly and mischief of almost every one of its provisions in detail. The intellect of the PRIME MINISTER and the CHIEF SECRETARY—for hardly any other Minister (if we except the occasional disquisitions of Sir JOHN RIGBY on the metaphysics of authority) took part in the discussion—was wholly engaged in fruitless attempts to extract the pins with which Unionist criticism had nailed their impostures to the counter. The intellect of Mr. HEALY and Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL was absorbed in the ennobling task of inventing brutal and insolent interruptions of arguments which they could not answer. The intellect of the Gladstonian items behind the Treasury Bench and below the Ministerial gangway was employed in speculation as to how long they would have to wait before getting quit of a tiresome Bill, about which they cared little and knew less, and falling to loggerheads with each other over the precedence of their own respective fads. But the fact that all this combined intellectual effort was brought to bear upon the Home Rule Bill hardly justifies the HOME SECRETARY in contending that the measure has ceased to be regarded by the Unionists as detestable or impracticable, and that nothing remains to be considered but the adjustment of details.

It is to be hoped, for his sake, that this assurance will reconcile the Redmondites to the hanging up of the Home Rule Bill for next year—that step which Mr. GLADSTONE could not prevail upon himself to announce in plain language at Edinburgh, and to which even Mr. ASQUITH, though manifestly commissioned to make the announcement, feels bound to attempt the reconciliation of his Irish allies by vague and mysterious promises to "keep the question alive." In the dashing speech which LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made the other night at Bedford—and in which, by the way, he strangely enough ascribed to an esteemed contemporary certain faithful dealings of the *Saturday Review* with the pretensions of Mr. WHITBREAD—the significance of this notification was rightly insisted on. It was, in fact, the one really important piece of information about next year's Ministerial programme which Mr. ASQUITH had to impart. All the rest was mere recitation of the Newcastle Confession. Of course the Government are going to "shorten the period of electoral qualification which," &c.—in other words, to do as much gerrymandering of the constituencies as possible before the next election. Of course they are going to "lay the foundations of religious equality" by sacking a Church or two; and of course—very much of course this—they are going to strike an effective blow at the "curse of intemperance." But nobody, English or Irish, cares half as much about all these things which the Government are going to do put together as about the one thing which they are not going to do—namely, reintroduce the Home Rule

Bill in the House of Commons. And the only thing which anybody is still curious about—though, except among the very ignorant, it is but a languid curiosity—is the mysterious sentence above referred to. We have a faint desire to be introduced to some of those “many ways in which a question of this kind [that is, of the “Home Rule Bill kind] can be kept alive, and by which effective progress can be made in the prosecution of it.” The *Daily News* has more than a faint desire for this introduction. It is in quite a flutter of expectation; dreaming, perhaps, of the Bill reintroduced into a cowering House of Lords by the masterful and Napoleonic Lord KIMBERLEY. But then so much depends upon what “keeping it alive” means, and upon what is meant by “effective progress.”

#### M. GOUNOD.

WITH the death of M. GOUNOD the world of music loses the most distinguished of French composers, and one of the most illustrious masters of the lyrical drama in our time. It was the singular fortune of M. GOUNOD to achieve fame by one stroke, and to gain the highest eminence of success without the common experience of the ascent. Of the sudden shining of splendid names his career offers one of the most remarkable examples. In the history of music, indeed, the success of M. GOUNOD's *Faust* is without a parallel. The significance of the French master's position is best revealed by comparison with those who were not less pre-eminent in the annals of opera. In the beginning of the century ROSSINI's reign was undisputed. His *Barber* was everywhere acclaimed as immortal. The sway of MEYERBEER, again, with *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*, was not less undisputed. Then followed the prodigious vogue of the works of Signor VERDI's *première jeunesse*. But were we to attempt to “place” these composers by naming them in turn as the author of the *Barber*, the author of the *Huguenots*, the author of the *Trovatore*, we should be conscious that this is no way of epitome. In each instance there is more of void suggested than of summary. But when we name M. GOUNOD as the composer of *Faust*, we express all. That astonishing work is the sum of his genius. There may be—we are fully prepared to find that there are—critics of music who will indulge the odd perversity of the superior mind by discerning in *Roméo et Juliette* qualities rarer and finer than those of *Faust*, or in *Polyeucte* the complement to M. GOUNOD's genius, or in his oratorios, possibly, the mature expression of his powers. But the just recognition of the beauty and distinction of these and other works of M. GOUNOD is compatible with the opinion that with regard to *Faust* the popular verdict is right, and will be upheld.

None but the rash, presumptuous critic would decree immortality to any contemporary work. The greatest works of the lyrical drama, the *Don Giovanni* of MOZART and the *Fidelio* of BEETHOVEN, are immortal, if any works are. Yet we suffer operatic season after operatic season to pass without hearing either. But no one dreams of a season without M. GOUNOD's opera. It is not so much a case of “When in doubt put on *Faust*” as an imperative call from all quarters. The *impresario* knows that he cannot stand without *Faust*. Every new operatic tenor, every young operatic soprano, is of the same mind. The public all the world over demand it with one voice. It is *toujours Faust* and *Faust partout*. More than thirty years have passed since it was produced in Paris, with Mme. MIOLAN CARVALHO as MARGUERITE (a name which, such hold has the opera taken, has ousted MARGARET and GRETCHEN in popular parlance), and time has not abated the magic of its charm. None of the

popular operas we have cited has enjoyed so prolonged a triumph, and there are no signs whatever of lessening enthusiasm. The history of this one opera comprises nothing less than the record of some of the most memorable performances of the greatest singers the lyrical stage has known. The fame of such artists as Mlle. TITIENS and Mme. NILSSON, Mme. ADELINA PATTI, Mme. PAULINE LUCCA, and Mme. TREBELLI must be said to be intimately associated with *Faust*; and the list of famous singers who have been inspired by the musical and dramatic genius of the work is by no means exhausted when we have cited Signor MARIO, M. FAURE, Signor GIUGLINI, Mr. SIMS REEVES, M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE, and M. JEAN his brother. As with another famous French opera of our day, GEORGES BIZET's *Carmen*, M. GOUNOD's *Faust* proved an instantaneous success abroad rather than in France. Its reception, indeed, at the Théâtre Lyrique seemed for a while prophetic of the repetition of the failure that fell to the composer's first opera, *Sapho*, eight years previously. In England, just thirty years ago, the success of the opera was unexampled from the night of its production at Her Majesty's by Mr. MAPLESON, whose fortune it has been to introduce to the English operatic stage the three most important operas of modern times. If it be true that the victorious course of M. GOUNOD's *Faust* throughout the world has led to the neglect of SPOHR's remarkable work on the same subject, it is deplorable rather than unaccountable. Singers who are actors, and singers who are innocent of the actor's art, find in the French *Faust* extraordinary opportunities for stage distinction. As a version of GOETHE's work, the “book” of MM. BARBIER and CARRÉ is undoubtedly very inferior to the lyrical drama written by Signor BOIRO as the text for his great opera, *Mefistofele*. But not even M. GOUNOD had a keener eye for stage effect and dramatic construction than the authors of the book of *Faust*, and never did genius transmute the material at his hand with happier results than the French master.

#### THE SCRAMBLE FOR SCHOLARS.

THE magnates (or *parvates*) who assembled in Oxford last week to discuss the subject of Secondary Education in England seem, in more ways than one, to have kindled a torch—a torch which shall not be allowed to go out, if humble efforts can keep it burning. At the beginning of the present week Mr. CHAWNER, a well-known ex-Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and Dr. BAKER, once Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and now Head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, drew attention to certain inconveniences of the present system of College scholarships. In the early days of the open scholarship system we believe, though we speak under correction, that scholarship examinations were not seldom held before the end of the Long Vacation, the intention being that the scholars elected—if not already, as they often were, undergraduates of the College—should matriculate and come into residence immediately. However this may be, even a considerable time after the first Commission, the usual scholarship-time at Oxford, and we think at Cambridge also, was somewhere about Easter—a little before or a little after—though it was not generally expected or permitted that the elect persons should “come up” till the next October. This plan—if it fell a little short of the primitive and honourable simplicity of the idea that scholarships were not baits for prize freshmen, but encouragements given to the best men who had already made up their minds to belong to the College—had few real drawbacks and several advantages. It gave both dons and men time to “turn round” and make their arrangements; it gave opportunity to impecunious scholars or would-be scholars who could not attempt a University career



unassisted to try to mend their hands elsewhere after a first ill-success; and it did not interfere with any but a very small part of the scholar-elect's last year at school. For some time past all this has been changed, and Mr. CHAWNER and Dr. BAKER give graphic pictures of what, as is well known to those who keep their eyes on the Universities, has taken its place.

There are once more scholarship examinations at the end of the Long at Cambridge, but it is by no means intended that the successful competitors shall come into residence now. On the contrary, it is intended that they shall not do so till twelve months hence. As is pointed out, no system much worse for the scholars themselves, for their schools, and ultimately for their colleges, could well be devised. He must be a *therion* or a *theos* among boys who, having got his scholarship and, as he thinks (good easy youth!), secured his career, will work as well during the postscript of his school record as he otherwise would; he must almost necessarily be a great nuisance to his school; and it is by no means very improbable that he will go up a damaged and stale article to his college. Then why on earth do it? Mr. CHAWNER, not without euphemism, shall tell us. "It is recognized in both 'Universities that a college must in the main look 'to its scholars to maintain its reputation in the class-lists and triposes; and the governing body of 'every college has come to regard it as a patriotic 'duty to foster and increase the scholarship-fund '(in some cases to an extent out of proportion 'to its revenue),' and, to cut a long story short, to set its examinations earlier and earlier, so as to get the first pick, the earliest cream of the possible freshmen of that year. Mr. CHAWNER gives very edifying particulars of the progress and history of this Scramble for Scholars, and Dr. BAKER further calls attention to a singular practice (which had not escaped our own notice), at one University at least, of 'increasing the 'scholarship-fund' by cutting down the advertised value of the scholarships, under the plea that the candidates are not good enough for the original sum, but that the college will kindly take them at so much less if they like.

Not very much comment need be made on these proceedings, which are indefensible on a single ground of decency, dignity, or regard for sound learning. But in drawing attention to them we may invite especial notice to one point which neither the Cambridge Tutor nor the Oxford Head-master specially cites. It must be seen at once how this frantic competition for scholars, this "fostering the fund," and watering down the scholarships, must increase that disastrous result to which we referred last week. It will be observed that the only object is to "maintain the reputation of the college in the triposes 'and the class-lists." After them the deluge. The college does not want to teach men in the best way to develop their powers for future life, still less to exercise any "fostering" over them in their start for that life. That might have been well enough in stick-in-the-mud old days, a moderate number of five or even seven-year scholarships to start with, and a by no means bad chance of a Fellowship to follow for a good and industrious scholar. Now the college wishes to get as many firsts as it can, and beyond the firsts it looks not. It is not its ex-scholars' keeper; and if it encourages men whose parents are not really in position to support them at the University at all by bribes of a few score pounds a year to come up, it recognizes no further duty to them when they go down—much more when they go down without their first. It is far too busy in setting the scholarship examination date for next year a little further back, and seeing whether four scholarships of fifty pounds cannot be split into five of forty for the fresh generation.

#### THE ARISTOCRACY IN POLITICS.

THE editors of the recently published Letters and Memoirs of the Twelfth Duke of SOMERSET justify their publication by the plea that the Duke, in addition to his personal claims to recollection, was interesting as a very complete embodiment of a type of statesmanship which has disappeared or is disappearing from the public life of England. He was almost a perfect example of that old territorial aristocracy, titled or untitled, which for centuries formed the governing class of England, and which held power by something like an hereditary title. The Duke of SOMERSET was a good example of this class, which in the Whig section of it combined aristocratic manners and tastes, and a somewhat haughty social exclusiveness, with opinions more or less popular. They are vanishing, we are told; and the place which they once occupied is being taken by persons widely different from them "in origin and 'education, in temper, ambition, and even in the 'pronunciation of their mother-tongue." The lament in substance is as old almost as the political history of England. It was made, we dare say, in the PLANTAGENET times when the mercantile family of the DE LA POLES became dukes and made princely marriages, and forced their way into the line of the Royal succession. The "old blood" of the TUDOR times deeply resented the intrusion of the "new blood" into the great offices of State. SWIFT noted that the great families of Queen ANNE's reign were being supplanted in power by men of humbler rank. THOMAS CROMWELL was not of more aristocratic belongings than Mr. W. H. SMITH, and the CRAGGS family, which contributed a Postmaster-General and a Secretary of State to the earlier Georgian era, was of far less exalted origin than either.

It may be conceded to the editors of the Memoirs of the Duke of SOMERSET that the participation of the mercantile and labouring classes in the direct work of legislation and administration is larger than it was in the days which preceded and in those which immediately followed the first Reform Act, not to speak of much earlier times. But to contrast these periods as periods of unqualified aristocratic ascendancy, and of something like aristocratic banishment, is to misread the facts. The STANLEYS and CAVENDISHES, the RUSSELLS and CECILS, the CHURCHILLS and SPENCERS and GREYS, have still their representatives in public life, who have attained, or give promise of attaining, positions relatively as great as that of the most distinguished members of their houses. The argument, perhaps, is pressed too far when WALPOLE, the two PITTS, and FOX are represented as examples of men of genius breaking down the barriers interposed in the way by aristocratic exclusiveness. WALPOLE belonged to an old territorial and Parliamentary family, commanding several boroughs, and through matrimonial alliance with the TOWNSHENDS swaying the Lords and his county. CHATHAM was fond of assuming the air of a popular leader, who, with a mandate from the people, to use the modern slang, faced and overawed the haughtiest connexions. But nobody owed more to those connexions than he did—notably to the GRENVILLE clan. His grandfather, the Governor PITT of the PITT diamond celebrity, owned several boroughs, and his kinsfolk had won peerages and filled Court places before his rise to eminence. These things served the younger PITT too. FOX was the grandson of the Duke of RICHMOND, as well as of the first Lord HOLLAND. But, putting these more than doubtful cases aside, it is fair to appeal to ADDINGTON and CANNING and PEEL as proofs that, in the pre-Reform and earlier post-Reform days of this century, the highest position in the State might be attained as easily by men without aristocratic rank as now. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE are the only other exceptions during more than sixty years to a

long list of lordly Premiers. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. BALFOUR, who stand next in succession to the leadership of the two parties, belong to families which are eminently representative of the "landed gentry." Perhaps Mr. ADDISON, in Queen ANNE's reign, may be set against Mr. MORLEY, in Queen VICTORIA's, as a proof that letters do not now for the first time command admission to the Cabinet. The POULETT-THOMSONS and LABOUCHERES and CARDWELLS were the middle-class precursors, in the earlier portion of the QUEEN's reign, of the W. H. SMITHS, the GOSCHENS, and CHAMBERLAINS of its later years. If Mr. GLADSTONE's present Administration is more predominantly a middle-class Administration than any of the century, its composition is in part due to the fact that his Home Rule policy has alienated the great Whig chiefs, who would otherwise have had leading places in it. Unquestionably the old aristocratic statesmanship will in future have to share power with politicians of different social strata. It will be one element in several. But there is no reason to think that a large share will not always belong to it. It will hold its own, if it chooses to do so, and if it continues to show that flexibility of adaptation to social conditions which has hitherto distinguished it.

#### THE SLAVO-CELTIC MELODRAMA.

ONE hardly knows whether to call the late Marshal MACMAHON happy or otherwise in the *opportunitas* of his death. Its exact coincidence in time with the commencement of the Parisian portion of the extraordinary Slavo-Celtic melodrama which is now being enacted in France was certainly most unfavourable to the chances of a ceremonious and loudly-mourned departure. But it is not certain that the departed was one who set much store by what he has thus lost; and indeed one rather prefers to think of him as among those who would as soon, if not sooner, make an unnoticed exit from a world in which they have done their duty like men, but are conscious of having done it with no very conspicuous success. But whatever the old soldier might have personally felt on that matter, it is certain that the moment of his death must have been regarded as inopportune by any who had expected or hoped that the event would call forth an adequate expression of those national sentiments which in common propriety it ought to have awakened. There is reason to believe that but for the accident in question it would have done so, in fact. The behaviour of France to Marshal MACMAHON cannot be said to have been wanting in generosity. No doubt there was a touch of caprice and favouritism about it. Nations, like parents, have their pet sons, who are forgiven for faults and, what is hardly less difficult, for misfortunes which would have rendered any less favoured child a perpetual object of parental aversion. There may—indeed there must—have been something of this feeling at the bottom of the complete forgiveness extended by the French people to the General whose name is now, and must for ever be, associated with the most terrible tale of national overthrow which history records. Still, the forgiveness was granted, and the nation which granted it deserves to get the credit of the act without any too captious inquiry into its motives. It is increased, moreover, by the fact that the unsuccessful soldier who was so completely received into favour as to be raised to the chief place in the State was allowed to fail almost as signally in the capacity of ruler without provoking his countrymen to revise their estimate of him a second time. That same sort of respect for his personal qualities which enabled the Marshal to recover his popularity after Sedan aided him to survive the 16th of May. In the one case as in

the other his countrymen regarded him as a man whose errors were mainly due to others, and were redeemed by virtues of his own. He would have done better as a general, they thought, if he had not been overruled by an irresolute Emperor, and he would not have failed so signally as a ruler but for his *entourage* of political intriguers. They seem to have felt that the unwavering loyalty and unselfish patriotism displayed by him in both capacities more than atoned for his shortcomings; and this is certainly not the moment in French history to deny that they were right. The fourteen years which have elapsed since his retirement from public life have not multiplied specimens of the type of character which he represented; and, perhaps, the contrast between him and the politicians who have succeeded him might have been more fruitful in wholesome reflection for Frenchmen if international politics had not driven domestic scandals from their memories.

We cannot wonder, however, that there is at present neither room nor composure for such thoughts as these in the minds of the French people. It is difficult, no doubt, for any Englishman to analyse the exact composition of that extraordinary wave of emotion which is just now passing over France, and which within the last day or two has spread to and submerged her only less impressionable visitors. Its very volume and intensity have set most of us reconsidering our theories as to its origin, or at any rate as to the proportions of the various impulses to which, in our anticipations of it, we had set it down. We were not prepared either for the *naïveté* of its expression or for what, with every allowance for differences of national temperament, we cannot but call the childish excesses to which it has run. The kissings and embracings of hosts and guests, the tears and cheers of the populace, the gush and gammon of the newspapers we had to some extent discounted, though we could not, of course, have foreseen that "two well-dressed ladies" would rush across a street in Toulon to cover the bearded faces of two Muscovite tars with kisses, or that Sergeant GARRUS, of the 111th Regiment of the Line, would have been recommended to the CZAR for a decoration for having jumped into the harbour to save a well-dined Russian sailor from a watery grave. But incidents of this strictly private kind are really far less remarkable than the paroxysm of official hysterics which earned for M. POINCARÉ the following telegram from the Minister of Public Instruction at St. Petersburg:—"Our boys' and girls' schools have just received the post-cards sent in the name of all your establishments of public instruction. In presence of this touching demonstration, the Russian Imperial Minister of Public Instruction thinks it his duty to transmit to the youth of France the expression of the gratitude with which our scholars of both sexes have received this proof of sympathy." Again we admit that allowance has to be made for differences of national temperament and national manners. M. POINCARÉ's "happy thought," and his prompt execution of it, ought not to, and does not, cause us nearly as much surprise as we should feel if Mr. ACLAND arranged to have effusive post-cards sent from every elementary school in Great Britain to every similar establishment in some other country on any festive occasion whatever. But it would be absurd to contend that M. POINCARÉ's performance should surprise us not at all, or very little. It must, and does, surprise us very much that the head of a Government department in any country should thus go decorously mad; and it would be affectation to pretend that it gives us no occasion to ask ourselves what it all means.

What does it all mean? No one outside the skin of a Frenchman can possibly know; and it is far from improbable that many persons within that integu-



ment would find it almost equally hard to say. One thing, however, is quite certain, and another almost equally so; first, that the explanation given of it by certain Frenchmen is not the true one; and, secondly, that it is not believed in as such by those who offer it. Whatever else of profit or of promise to themselves they may see in a cordial understanding, or even in a regular alliance, with Russia, they do not value it, as some of them have declared they do, as a "guarantee of European peace." To begin with, they are perfectly well aware that, as long as they themselves remain quiescent, there is no likelihood of the peace of Europe being broken; and, further, they must know very well that, if any enemy was meditating an attack upon them, the coming together of France and Russia would warn that enemy that he must not much longer delay to strike the blow. On the other hand, it is simply impossible to regard the demonstrations at Toulon and Paris as nothing more than a mere spontaneous outburst of friendly feeling for a people towards whom they are drawn by purely personal sympathy, unmingled with any considerations of political interest. The demonstrations are too exuberant for that; and the sympathy moreover was never heard of until the situation brought political interests into view. Before the war of 1870, and even for as long a time afterwards as it took for the consequences of that war fully to develop themselves, the "traditional friendship" between France and Russia did not exist even in legend. Throughout that war the good-will of Russia—or of the Russian Czar, which for all practical purposes amounted to the same thing—was notoriously enlisted on the side of Germany; and the only political act which the occasion suggested to ALEXANDER II. was to tear up a treaty which France had spent blood and treasure to extort from his predecessor. It was only her growing isolation in Europe which first induced her to look in the direction of Russia, and the desire for a union of forces as well as of hearts with Russia did not take definite shape until that isolation was completed by the conclusion of the Triple Alliance. In a word, the Franco-Russian *entente* was of political origin from the first, and whatever imports may belong to this singularly enthusiastic ratification of it must be political too. How far it menaces, or adds to the menace already impending over, the peace of Europe, we cannot say. But that, so far as it goes, to the obscure extent of its import, it makes for disquietude, and not for tranquillity, there can be no reasonable doubt.

#### ENGLISH BARDS AND AN EDINBURGH REVIEWER.

A POET has no friends, and few may be inclined to resent the mixture of condescension and impertinence with which an *Edinburgh* Reviewer treats many contemporary bards. Probably not one of them will arise and smite him in a satire, because, of course, nobody knows who he is, and, in the second place, nobody cares. He does a little scalping and slashing; but we do not expect to hear that Mr. LEWIS MORRIS has therefore fallen into a decline, nor that Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has sent the Reviewer a challenge (though this would give us much pleasure), nor even that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has pilloried him in the measures of BYRON and POPE. *Non est tanti*, poets have made that discovery; but seventy years ago there would have been wigs on the green.

With the Reviewer's general ideas we have little fault to find. Certainly, if there is to be a Laureate, Mr. SWINBURNE is the man for our money, and for the

Reviewer's, always on the hypothesis that Mr. SWINBURNE would accept the bays and the sherry. Certainly there is a look of "business" in the recent showers of congratulatory and consoling odes. One spirited ode-maker, by the way, is not even mentioned by the Reviewer, and this is perhaps his unkindest cut. For an ode may be a very fair ode, though abstention even from good odes may be a better. The Reviewer, who has a *tendresse* for Mr. WILLIAM WATSON, quotes some lines of his on "little masters" (and misses for that matter) "who make a toy of song," and bore "grave men," not slightly, but a great deal. Grave men, then, can stay out of the nursery where the little misses and masters are playing. But Mr. WATSON also assailed parties "in faded antique dress," and almost everybody, in fact; for his poem—not a recent poem—contained lines that certainly seemed to reflect on TENNYSON and BROWNING. As the poet has lately shown how much he admired Lord TENNYSON, perhaps he has forgiven the children too, and perhaps he was a little general in his censures. When the Reviewer comes to contrast "the poet MORRIS" with "the other MORRIS," he appears to forget the secular dignity of the Blue and Buff periodical. *Gwen* he calls a "barefaced" imitation of *Maud*. We have not verified the resemblance, but the term "barefaced" seems to connote intentional and deliberate "annexation" (to use the Reviewer's phrase), and that is totally out of the question. No man, after twenty-five, when he is doing what he "takes seriously" (that Mr. MORRIS takes himself seriously is part of the charge), deliberately "annexes"; probably he does not even consciously imitate; certainly he never would dream of imitating "the form, the style, and the very turns of expression." Charges of this kind were brought against SCOTT in the matter of the then unpublished *Christabel*. And charges of this kind overshoot their mark; so many great writers have been accused of plagiarism that people are apt to regard every one who is accused as a great writer. At the least he is always a successful writer, as in the case of ALEXANDER SMITH. "True kindness to the poor" would be to make bonfires of the street organs," says the Reviewer, *à propos* of Mr. MORRIS's *Organ Boy*, "and to raise a fund to provide them with some 'real music.'" The raising of the fund should come first. The one pretty sight in London is the sight of children dancing to an organ in an alley. And, if the "real music" were provided, would the clients prefer it? Say that A or B is a popular poet or novelist; we that have good wits may prefer C or D, but the public would not thank us for burning Miss BRADDON'S works, and "raising a fund" to provide cheap editions of Mr. MEREDITH withal. Nor should we be grateful for the proceeding. Mr. AUSTIN is informed that it does not matter whether he has written six or seven volumes of verse, "for they are all very much alike." Here is courtesy; and Mr. AUSTIN, too, "takes himself very seriously." Will anybody take a poet seriously if he does not take himself with seriousness? and have authors never been rebuked for the opposite fault? "Vulgarity" is another charge, and it is difficult to bring that charge without being vulgar. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, because he printed a kind of poetic peroration in capitals, has done enough "to stamp any one who descends to it as a literary 'charlatan.'" Mr. BRIDGES calls a set of sonnets *The Growth of Love*, and the title "has little apparent reference to the contents." The black-letter edition, we believe, is a privately printed boon to collectors, and even the Reviewer admires the poems. But in writing of Mr. BRIDGES he does not even mention his *Shorter Poems*, which we take to be the volume whereon at present the author's reputation chiefly stands, and stands very high. These are examples of

the mingled impertinence and condescension of a review which is not entirely encouraging to minstrels, nor absolutely in good taste.

#### THE OUTLOOK FOR ITALY.

THE speech of the Italian Premier at Dronero dealt with the financial state of Italy with greater cheerfulness than the prospect seems to warrant. With regard to the foreign relations of Italy, Signor GIOLITTI spoke with firmness, and to the point. Not Signor CRISPI himself could have referred to the Triple Alliance in more satisfactory terms. The present Government, whatever its domestic and financial policy might be, was determined not to depart from international relations that were the guarantee of peace. Not only was Italy anxious to secure peace, as Signor GIOLITTI affirmed, but there are, on his own showing, the most powerful reasons why the country should avoid the slightest political movement that hinted of the contrary disposition. When, therefore, the Italian Premier speaks of the prospect of continued peace as good, he speaks with a full knowledge of the necessity of peace to Italy if the present disordered state of Italian finance is to be cured. Though certain organs of the French press would represent Italy just now as arming herself and developing warlike tendencies, there is almost as much of the ludicrous as of malice in the picture. When Signor GIOLITTI says "Peace" he means "Peace," and can mean nothing else if he is to keep in power. Hence, at Dronero, the Italian Premier addressed himself to the question of readjusting the present undesirable relations of national expenditure and national income.

Signor GIOLITTI's scheme for restoring financial health to Italy comprises some very important proposals, and some that will prove extremely drastic measures to people so heavily taxed as the Italians. At a time when the scarcity of the metallic currency in Italy is painfully felt, and when gold has to be bought—with an exchange unfavourable to Italy—to pay the interest on the National Debt, it seems a strange device to decree the payment of Customs duties in gold. With gold at its present price, importers will find they are paying increased duties. Prices may be expected to rise and consumption to be lessened. Then will follow a decrease of imports, which may prove so great as to practically neutralize the expected gain to the national exchequer the gold payment of duties will produce. That the trade of the country can benefit by the proposal is altogether impossible. As the additional gold to be thus raised for the payment of the interest of the National Debt must increase the burden of taxation, it is scarcely likely to be a popular measure with Signor GIOLITTI's countrymen. Now the Italian Ministry is "Democratic," as Signor GIOLITTI himself announces, and must be ready with a popular policy at a crisis. So Signor GIOLITTI proposes to levy a progressive Income-tax—that dear, that very dear, device of some gifted English amateurs in economy—on the already overburdened Italian taxpayer. The proposed tax does not begin to take effect, where some of our reformers would have it, at annual incomes of ten, or even twenty, thousand pounds. Nor is its progressive rate quite so distinguished by leaps and bounds as our more liberal Income-tax reformers would have it. Still, Signor GIOLITTI's tax is to be a very comprehensive affair, as becomes the financial master-stroke of a "Democratic" Government. It begins to operate upon incomes above five thousand lire, or two hundred pounds English—a modest income to start with. Thus the democracy of Italy, as our democratic reformers may wrathfully note, will be anything but exempt from this strange and sweeping measure. How far success will

attend the expedient remains to be seen. An Income-tax that is progressive must prove a very expensive one to collect, and, at the best, uncertain in its working. Altogether, in spite of his cheery tone and self-confidence, there seems little lightening of the gloomy prospect in the financial remedies proposed by the Italian Premier.

#### THE BEST GOLF LINKS IN FRANCE.

IT is the best in France to-day. What the capabilities of other links, as yet untried, may be, one does not know; but as it stands it is the best, and in itself is capable of great improvements. This links is the links of St. Briac, commonly called the Dinard golf links.

It is the best because it is of the proper sandy soil, and because its chief hazards are those best recognized ones which are supplied by sand bunkers and whins. In this it compares favourably with those links which especially suggest themselves in comparison with it—the links of Pau and the links of Biarritz. These latter are of the class which are called inland links; for, though Biarritz is on the seaside, its golf-course is on a high upland where the soil is loamy and not of the best quality. Links, in fact, is the Scottish term for ground of a sandy nature down by the seashore, usually—perhaps one may say always—the product of alluvial deposit. Of this nature is the soil of all the best golf links, and of this nature is the golf links of St. Briac.

A five-mile drive from Dinard, which gives fine views of the sea and the bold coast outlines (and fine joltings of the system if you use the diligence), brings you to the club-house on the links. The house is excellently suited for its purpose, fitted with lockers, dressing-rooms, and drying rooms. It does not supply *déjeuner*; only tea and other drinks which the golfer more frequently imbibes. A ladies' tea-room has lately been opened, for the ladies are allowed to play on the long links twice a week during the winter and all day and every day during the summer. Their own links and club-house, which are only open in the winter months, are about a mile nearer Dinard. Here there are nine holes of tolerable length, with various hazards which include a bunker more formidable than any on the long links at St. Andrews.

The masculine links at St. Briac may roughly be likened, in its outline, to an hour-glass. The club-house is situated at the waist of the hour-glass. From it one starts east, towards Dinard, and, bending towards the north, completes one half of the hour-glass as one putts out on the sixth-hole green. The remaining holes form the western bulb of the glass.

A very severely pulled ball from the first tee may break one of the club windows; but a moderate degree of skill will land the player over the hog's back, which is his immediate horizon, and leave him with a short iron loft, across a road, to the green. An extra long shot from the tee will land on this road in one. Peradventure it may alight on a passing Frenchman or his wife, and in France it is expensive to hit a Frenchman, or even his wife. So one always ought to send a boy on, here, to report the coast clear; but no one ever does, perhaps because it is so difficult to talk French. The lofting shot over the road is not too simple, for the green is just the other side of the road, and beyond the green there is a bank, with a ditch. Four will do for this hole.

The next hole is a much better one. There is quite a long walk to the tee, as happens too often on these links; but if you survive the walk you will find yourself on a high place with two cross bunkers before you. It needs a good drive to carry the second. But there is an alternative—you may go to the right, carrying only one bunker, and then a creak shot will send you home. In either case there is yet another cross-bunker to be carried before you reach the green, though, to the long driver who has flown the two bunkers from the tee, the approach will be but a lofting stroke. The green is on a terrace, while beyond, and to its left, are whin bushes.

The third hole presents little incident. A moderate drive from the tee will carry a bunker and road, which may ensnare a rank fozzie, and then it is a simple approach-stroke to a flat unguarded green. Similarly dull country is traversed by the tee shot to the fourth; but the approach is made interesting by the very hazards, the road and



bunker, which were too near to be practical perils for the third tee shot. Here, too, the green is flanked by whin bushes. It is proposed to use the green of the present fourth hole for the second hole, and to prolong the fourth hole to a green which the ground near the sea favours nicely; both these holes, as well as the third, would be much improved.

The fifth hole is full of terrors. Whins, roads, and bunkers in amiable confusion menace a topped shot with disaster. A good drive, however, will land you within reach of your second; but about this second there must be no mistake. The *plage* is on your right for a slice; a cruel bunker on your left for a pull; and there is a diversity of abominations for you if you top. Finally, if you are in the least too strong your ball will trickle down into a bay of the *plage* beyond. In fact, this hole is a little too difficult, stuck up as it is on a very narrow saddle ridge, for the merely human golfer. Recognizing this, and that they have human beings to deal with, the Committee propose raising a little bank beyond the hole to save a well-played approach from over-running.

The sixth hole you may reach with a long one in one. On the other hand, you may be in the garden of an hotel, you may be in a stable, you may be in a road with ruts deep enough for Truth to dwell in—and your ball as difficult as Truth to fish up.

Next to the first hole of the western half of the course you drive off an uneventful tee shot, then iron into a nice little dell with a bunker on its right. Topping your ball to the eighth you are in a road and ruts so deep that even no hope is left at the bottom of them; but a good drive will put you over these, and an iron shot over a high hogs-back may lay you on the green.

And now you go over a corner of the *plage*, where with a sliced ball you may, perhaps, slay a *chasseur*, who often lies in wait here for all small deer, except golfers. Indeed, it takes a real good shot to carry the road and ditches, and a second good one to put you on the hole over a little sandy, whin-clad ridge. So much for nine holes, and now we go out on a promontory of the cliffs, where a slice or a pull, equally, may send you down the precipitous side. Steering a middle course, a second with the iron should take you home over a high ridge; and if too far you will repent in whins and heather. The eleventh is a fine hole. Two long shots over boldly undulating ground will reach it; but if you slice at all you will be again on the beach in hopeless case. A road—a terror to the second stroke of the feeble—runs across the main line to the hole. The twelfth hole, as it stands, is within reach of a very long drive, artfully planted as it is on the very verge of the cliff, with a little, a very little, built up bank, to save you from over-running. The next is again within reach—easier reach by a good deal—and presents little hazard, save for the undulations of the ground, except a thick patch of gorse on the left of the green; but for these two holes changes are in contemplation, which will improve them greatly. The changes will include putting back the tee for the fourteenth, which is now a drive over broken, hazardous ground, and an iron shot over a road deeply sunken in a gully, but which then will be two good glad drives. The fifteenth is but a stout cleek shot. If that shot be not hit, however, a sandy road, with deep ruts, will exact a dear penalty. A drive and cleek shot or iron shot may take you to the sixteenth, which lies among great bold undulations, and is guarded by a sandy road winding around it and a bunker beyond. The seventeenth is only a pitch-iron shot; but it is perched on the edge of a steep bank, and beyond, on its right, is a trappy bunker. It is no easy hole in three, although so short. And the last hole is a drive and an iron shot over ground so flat and dull that it quite reconciles you to finding that the round is over.

It is all real golf—good sandy turf, boldly undulating ground, constant interest. The surrounding landscape and seascape is very fine, the air is glorious. The accommodation in Dinard is excellent, and though this is five miles (cab-driver's measurement) from the links, there are good hotels close to the course itself, which are usually closed in winter, but which they would open for a party of golfers. And Dinard is as near London in point of time as most Scottish links, and in point of expense much nearer. One may naturally ask why it is not better known to English golfers? The answer is twofold—the links at St. Briac have been open only a little more than two years, and previously to this the men of Dinard golfed at St. Lunaire. Is the significance not apparent? The meaning is that

the St. Lunaire links were but a substitute for the game, and that when one in England asked an *habitué* of Dinard what like was the Dinard golf links, he answered in the terms of golf at St. Lunaire—and these were the terms of faint praise.

The caddie of St. Briac is cheap, in this land where *le bon cidre* is the *vin du pays*; still he is zealous and efficient. He is patched and picturesque as to garments. His English is patchy also—rather like golfers' French—but he knows the names of the clubs. He is an observer. "The ladies," said the writer's caddie lately, "the ladies—zey are all bad"—for which criticism, it is to be hoped and presumed, his point of view was a golfing one.

#### ASSESSMENT INSURANCE.

THERE is a very lively controversy going on between the advocates of Assessment Insurance and the supporters of the regular system of life insurance, which is worthy of attention from the general public. Assessment Insurance, though a recent importation from the United States, is really a revival of a system that was tried here at home a couple of centuries ago, and given up as unsound. It is, however, carried on by several American Companies, and some English Companies have likewise been started on the same principle. Mr. King, of the Atlas Assurance Company, has delivered two lectures on this system—one in April of last year at Bristol, and the other in May of this year to the members of the Life Assurance Officers' Society in London. Mr. Zimmerman, of the Pioneer Life Assurance Company, has replied to Mr. King on behalf of the Assessment system. The General Manager of the Sun Office has likewise issued a pamphlet on the subject, and some of the chairmen have discussed it at shareholders' meetings. We have, therefore, the worst and the best that can be said of the system before us in handy shape, and it may be worth while to sum up the argument for the benefit of our readers. There is no doubt at all that the Assessment system offers great inducements to the public, if it is safe. Mr. Zimmerman puts this very strongly when he says that his own office charges a yearly premium of 18*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* for a policy of 1,000*l.* on a life aged forty years, and that the ordinary British offices charge for a like policy at the same age about 32*l.* The Assessment Companies profess to insure at prime cost. They reject altogether the system of bonuses, and they likewise declare that it is unnecessary to pile up reserves. There is no doubt, then, that their plan is cheap if it is also sound. We are afraid, however, that on examination it will be found to be utterly unsound. The ordinary offices proceed on the principle that each policyholder should pay such a premium as is sufficient to provide the policy when it becomes due, to cover the expenses of management, and also, of course, to yield a profit, if there are shareholders. Leaving profit out of the account for the present, however, in the ordinary offices the premium charged ought to cover the cost of management, and to yield such a sum as, being safely invested, will, on death, amount to the policy to be paid. But notoriously the rate of mortality increases with age. Out of 10,000 persons, about 100 die at the age of thirty, while about 1,972 die at the age of eighty-five. Therefore the ordinary Companies have to provide for a constantly increasing mortality. The premiums these Companies fix are thus average premiums. They are admittedly too high in early life; they are equally clearly too low in old age; but as an average they are fair. As they are admittedly too high in early manhood, the Companies are bound to invest the premiums received in such a way that the accumulating interest will make up for the deficiency in the same premiums in old age, so that the total policy insured shall be yielded by the investment. That is the principle on which the ordinary offices are based, and it seems a safe principle and a fair one.

The assessment principle is different. It insures a man, say at forty years of age, and it charges him 18*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* for a policy of 1,000*l.*, payable to his representatives whenever he may die. That would be a fair charge supposing he were to die within twelve months of taking out the policy. But it is an entirely inadequate charge if he lives to old age. Assuming that the Company does a large business, it insures a very considerable number of young men and young women at thirty; and, as we have already

seen from the census-tables that the mortality is exceedingly low in early life and exceedingly heavy late in life, only a small proportion of those who insure at thirty will die for several years. By-and-bye, however, the deaths will become more numerous, and then in what way does the Assessment Company propose to meet the claims? It has not provided, as the ordinary Companies do, by charging an average premium; neither has it left itself room to form a reserve, consequently it has to depend simply and solely upon new business. In other words, it pays the claims that fall due, let us say, five years after starting, not out of the premiums contributed by the persons who die, but partly out of those premiums and partly out of the new premiums that have come in in the interval. It is drawing, then, upon the new premiums to pay the old policies. It follows that the insured do not themselves gradually contribute a fund sufficient to furnish the policy they insure for, but that the old insurants benefit at the cost of the new. If the business grows rapidly, the system may work for a very considerable time, but sooner or later it is evident that it must break down. Clearly it must break down whenever the new business ceases to grow rapidly enough to meet the claims resulting from the old business. The Assessment Companies provide for this by inserting a clause to the effect that, in case of its becoming necessary, the Companies may increase the premium rate. At the same time the Companies allege that they do not expect—that, indeed, it is very improbable—that this will be necessary. The ground on which they base this opinion is that the system has been in operation for a considerable time, that several Companies are in existence fifteen and even twenty years, that they have thus been amply tested and have proved that they are working upon sound principles. It is quite true, they admit, that the rate of mortality increases with age; but the average age of the persons insured does not increase, they maintain. Just as in the world the rate of mortality increases as individuals grow older, yet there is no increase in the average rate because children are constantly being born and the children are growing up into men and women, so it is alleged new persons are insuring in the Companies and the average of age is thereby maintained. The argument may confuse the unthinking, but it clearly will not bear patient consideration. Since each person insured pays too low a premium, the whole of the premium incomes added together must, in the long run, prove insufficient to pay the policies. If there is a great inrush of new insurants, the fact may be obscured for years, but ultimately it must become evident.

After a certain lapse of time, then, it is inevitable that the Assessment Companies must increase their premium rates—must, that is to say, avail themselves of the power which they are careful to retain. When that happens, new insurants will be deterred from joining them; and if the business begins to fall off it is clear that the rates must be raised higher and higher, until it may be feared that very many policy-holders will be unable to meet the calls made upon them. As people grow older they are usually less disposed, and less able, to meet increased expenses. But the probability would seem to be that the rates will rise higher and higher as the Companies grow in age. The system, then, seems to us unsound and dangerous. It induces large numbers of people to insure by holding out exceptionally cheap premiums, and fostering the hope that those premiums will not be added to during life. But everything points to the probability that when those who insure are growing less able to work, and therefore more desirous of decreasing expenses, they will be called upon for higher and constantly rising premiums. We are afraid that the success of this new system is, to some extent at all events, due to the action of the old Companies. They have not been as economical as they might have been. Even Mr. King, strongly as he condemns the Assessment system, admits in effect that too often the charges of the old Companies are too high. It is to be hoped that the old offices will take warning in time, and will meet as far as they safely can the public demand for more moderate rates. We do not urge upon them cheap premiums, because cheapness and soundness are not quite compatible. But the expenses have been growing over rapidly of late in too many offices, and are certainly working against the success of the old principles. Besides, the time shortly must come now when the rates may be revised in the light of more exact knowledge respecting mortality and investment. Mr.

King states incidentally, in one of his lectures, that the Institute of Actuaries is engaged upon a new Mortality Table which shall be more perfect than any yet produced. He does not hold out the hope that smaller reserves will be requisite; on the contrary, he seems to think that even larger reserves will be required in the future. But, putting the question of reserve aside for the time, surely the more exact our knowledge of mortality becomes, and the more scientifically accurate are the new Mortality Tables, the more possible it ought to be to reduce premiums. Originally the premiums were framed very much in the dark, and with a liberal allowance for the safety of the Companies. As the dark spots are lighted up, and our knowledge of the bases of insurance becomes sounder, the more thoroughly it ought to be possible to scientifically revise the scale of premiums.

#### BOBADILL, CARRANZA, AND SAVIOLO.

DID Captain Bobadill, the Paul's man, follow the Spanish school of fight, or was his skill with the rapier "fine Italianated" in the manner of Saviolo? Mr. Castle, in his *Schools and Masters of Fence* (p. 73), asserted, and Mr. Wheatley, in his edition of Ben Jonson's play, indirectly hinted, that the Captain was a disciple of the great Carranza. Mr. Castle's opinion is of sufficient weight *per se*, but what evidence can be adduced in support of this opinion? As far as we can see, the theory rests upon two phrases which occur in the text of the play, the mention of Carranza (act i. sc. v.) and the expression "opposite (in diameter)" (act iv. sc. viii.) The former instance is not decisive; the latter affords strong presumptive evidence in favour of the Spanish theory; but unfortunately neither occurs in the play as it was first acted. In the quarto or Italian form, which appeared in 1601, Bobadilla exclaims (act i. sc. v.), "The bastinado? come hither, you shall challenge him," and in act iv. sc. vii. simply declares that it "was opposite to his humour." The reference to Carranza and the diameter of the "circunferencia imaginata" were after insertions in the folio edition of 1616. But not only are they absent from the first edition of the text, even when they do occur they are manifestly incongruous. Bobadill's fencing terms are all Italian, and with three exceptions (one of which is not a genuine word, but one coined on the spur of the moment), they occur in Vincentio Saviolo's Practice; while the directions to Master Matthew (act i. sc. v.), "Exalt not your point above this state at my hand . . . stand fast o' your left leg," are quite irreconcilable with the Spanish ward—the blade horizontal, the feet continually moving, "as if in a dance"—but are readily adaptable to any one of Saviolo's wards; and the battle described in act iv. sc. ix.—a slip with the left leg to evade the "reverse," followed by a hit delivered on the pass forward—savours of Master Vincentio a league off. But there is yet further evidence on the point. In *The New Inn*, Ben Jonson introduced, for the express purpose of ridiculing Don Lewis of Pacheco and his disciples, one Sir Glorious Tipto, who openly advocates the Spanish system, whereon we hear of lines and angles, parallels, sections, diagrams, fighting by mathematics, and so on, and Tipto discourses with Spanish gravity and uses with propriety and accuracy Spanish words and titles. Are we to suppose that in 1597-8 Jonson attempted to ridicule the Spanish school of fence by means of a personage who speaks Italian, talks only of Florence and Venice, and never mentions that distinctive feature of the Spanish method, the mysterious circle, whereas in 1629 he draws a totally different character, and shows himself well versed in Spanish and the principles of Don Lewis? Discarding this untenable proposition, we may, rightly or wrongly, explain the whole matter in this way:—In Captain Bobadill Jonson designed to burlesque the then prevailing school of swordsmen, who followed Saviolo's Practice, and therefore used Italian terms and phrases. When this school died out, or came to be accepted as a permanent institution, the joke was no longer appreciable, and an attempt was made to adapt it to the times and point the satire against the rising Spanish school of fence by the introduction of two or three topical allusions, such as that to Carranza and his work. In 1627-8, Jonson being then engaged on *The New Inn*, Girard Thibault was still living and presumably teaching in France, and the Spanish defence was at the zenith of its fame—a fact which induced the poet (himself an old sword-and-buckler man) to



interweave with the plot of his play an attack upon the latest development of the pernicious poking-iron.

In support of the theory suggested, it may be noted that Bobadill is distinctly stated to be a master of defence. He says:—"I have professed it [the science of fence] more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you"; and his boasting is of his skill—we have but one brief anecdote of his courage. He is as long-winded in his discourses as Master Vincent, and as courteous and studious to avoid giving offence as if he had undergone a long course of that gentleman's admonitions against provoking duels and brawls by evil conduct. When Know'ell expresses anxiety for Downright's life, Bobadill assures him, "Why, sir, you mistake me; if he were here now by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him . . . but I will bastinado him," this latter threat showing that he is not stimulated to the renunciation of his weapon by cowardice, and this renunciation being consistent with his former declaration that he "delights not in murder." The same repugnance to bloodshed (on principle as apart from all questions of courage) is found to a marked degree in Saviolo's work. When we consider the experiences of the two men we find a striking similarity. Each is challenged by the national masters of defence to a trial of skill, each declines on the score of an objection to publicity (or danger), and each claims to have subsequently beaten the rival masters *en masse*, and plumes himself upon the alleged victory; each is eventually assailed by a man he has contemptuously treated, and that in the presence of divers honourable personages to whom he has just been boasting of his invincible skill with the rapier; and, refusing to defend himself though armed, is grievously maltreated. Finally Saviolo threatens to have the law of his assailant, and Bobadill actually attempts to do so. Surely in this there may be more than coincidence? And, further, we may point out that Bobadill's excuse that he was planet-struck, and could not defend himself—an excuse which has puzzled some writers, and which draws from Know'ell the curious observation, "I, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet"—is exactly paralleled by a passage in which Master Vincent declares that he has known masters of rapier-fight to be slain by the merest tiro, but that such incidents are to be attributed to the judgment of heaven!

The assumption that Bobadill was a travesty on Saviolo explains the singular prominence given to the part of the reformado who "holds the stage" whenever he appears; as it also explains the construction of the plot, which is not double, but dual; for the incidents which lead to Bobadill's being cudgelled are in no wise connected with those which lead to the cure of Kately's jealousy. Then there is the singular prominence given to the part of the Paul's man, as compared with those of Masters Matthew and Stephen, each illustrating a distinct and equally comic humour, but both serving as a mere background for Bobadill. So marked is this prominence, that at first reading the play it is difficult to decide who is really the hero of the piece, and in the preface to Oxberry's edition the question is settled in favour of Bobadill.

#### PICTURE GALLERIES.

AT the Japanese Gallery, 28 New Bond Street, there is on view a series of charming water-colour drawings by a Japanese artist whose work was, we believe, first exhibited in England last year in the same gallery. Mr. Watanabe Seitei, who is a native of Tokio, is undoubtedly well qualified to represent the artistic genius of his country. His drawings are distinguished by the grace and refinement and harmonious colour which characterize Japanese designs generally, while the truth of his studies of natural objects—birds, flowers, fish, insects, and trees—is associated with a subtlety of presentation which is entirely admirable. Mr. Watanabe Seitei's decorative motive is sometimes extremely slight, yet if there be genius in evolving from faintest suggestions effects that are beautiful, and occasionally enchanting, it cannot be denied that the artist has genius. He is most successful in those drawings wherein natural objects in their natural environment subserve some decorative aim. His landscape studies, for instance, are slight things, with few exceptions, in more senses than one. The best of them is the "Moun-

tain and Lake" (62), the aerial quality of which is decidedly fine. But for the rest—and they form more than two-thirds of the drawings—there is much in the artist's work to delight all whose sense of colour and beauty is sensitive and refined. We must note, as a few examples, the wonderful study of carp in water (54); the "Crows Gambolling" (69); "A Surfeit of Pomegranates" (72), another exquisite study of birds; the fine study, "Under the Shade of the Lily" (58); "The Kingfisher" (78); and the grim, not to say eerie, drawing of "The Crow and the Moon" (87). Then, too, "how faintly flushed, how phantom-fair" is the "Plum-Bloom by the River" (83), one of the slightest drawings of all, yet one that is full of charm. Moonlight is an attraction to the artist, and a powerful source of beauty, as in "Cryptomeria" (26), an ethereal vision of some "alley Titanic, of cypress." Altogether the exhibition is one of great interest from various points of view.

From both the Salons of Paris there are paintings collected at the exhibition now open at the Continental Gallery, 157 New Bond Street, together with other works of modern French painters chiefly. M. Didier-Pouget's large landscape "Le Matin" (42) is a broadly treated painting of early- and dewy-morning sunlight, and a spacious landscape, the foreground of which is a waste of coarse grasses and heather. It is effective in a theatrical kind of style, though a student of the Jefferies type might find the illumination by no means true to nature. Other paintings that call for notice are the "Road in Bouleaux," by M. Courtens; Mesdag's "Departure from Scheveningen," a good example of this excellent painter; a capital Munthe, "Winter Sunset"; M. Aubert's clever study of bathers at a fashionable watering-place, "Tréport" (127); and M. Girardet's powerful painting, "After the Battle of Quiberon" (17). Some excellent military subjects by M. Armand-Dumaresq, M. Perboyre, and others, are also worthy of study. M. Le Quesne's enormous canvas, "The Daughters of Menestho" (107), with life-size pink nymphs issuing from a prodigious pink shell, or otherwise disporting themselves, is an extremely French and modish version of the Virgilian legend it is supposed to set forth. It is immensely clever and profoundly uninteresting. M. Beroud's great congregation of eminent men in "The Conference Hall of the Senate" (103) is notable for the effective grouping of the eminent men portrayed—MM. Challemel-Lacour, Jules Ferry, Tirard, J. Simon, Constans, and other politicians. Similar in interest is the same painter's "Members of the Comédie Française," though by no means so successful as portraiture.

#### HALF-HOURS WITH THE WORST AUTHORS.

TO spend half an hour with a "best" author is but a scurvy compliment to the great, but half an hour with a "worst" author has the air of a charity, and can always be lazily, cynically, pleasurably spent. If you are in a good humour, what springs of not unkindly mirth may not be tapped between the turgid lines of a Johnsonian apologue, the tall type of an Augustan dedication, or the learned ignorance of a Georgian footnote. Or, if the spleen affects you, what easier and cheaper vent for all ill-humours than pishing at the pedantry of a Dryasdust, or pshawing at the affectations of a Della-Cruscan! What innocent ob-jurgations, what harmless anathemas, can you not level at the head of deceased scribblers (they are better deceased); what incense to your own superiority will not rise in the closed chamber of your study as you think that such a one was famous in his day! These joys, indeed, are not for all. You must know good books before you taste the true savour of the bad; you must have the gift of reading with, as it were, half-closed eyes, until something (you never know what it will be) touches you to wakefulness, by a folly, or an incongruity, or (and this is the rarest joy) by some unexpected, and probably unconscious, felicity of speech.

One of the charms of your worst author is that he does not exact any strain of ceremony or attention. As to reading him through—it is not to be expected; he may be skipped without indignity and dismissed without notice. He has neither a beginning to be evaded nor an end to be reached. He never appals you by the bulk of his volumes, nor causes regret by their slenderness; for you do not care a button where you begin or how soon you leave off. The subject-matter is of equal indifference. Divinity, politics

poetry, or philosophy, it is all one to the reader with the gift. There is an ancient Commentary on the Song of Solomon, for instance, which preserves some priceless nuggets in its stubborn stuff, as where the author, puzzled at the homely comparison of the Church's spouse to an apple-tree, explains that the apple intended must be one "of the very best sort"—a Ribstone pippin, perhaps, if such a "sort" were known in the author's time; and there is a dreary contribution to the warfare that once raged with regard to landscape-gardening, which contains at least one pearl of price. A gentleman with a new park (whether laid out in the manner of "Capability" Brown or Sir William Chambers history sayeth not), and desiring to add life to the empty Eden of his own creation, informs his Eve that he must have three cows. "Why three?" exclaims his wife; "surely two will be ample for our needs." "Two!" replied her spouse, with artistic scorn, "two cows will not compose." Told from memory as this story is, its verbal accuracy may be doubted; but of the point there is no question. Indeed, good things found in a "worst" book are never forgotten. The finest passages of a Shakspeare may escape the memory, the apothegms of a Bacon may fail to settle on the soul; but your worst author's beauties are so isolated, and found with such tears of joy, that they remain fixed for ever on the grateful mind.

Anthologies of "worst" authors exist, and these are, perhaps, the happiest hunting-grounds; but they have their drawbacks. They are apt to be too exciting in the variety of their demerit, and you can never be quite sure that you may not meet with some old respectable acquaintance, if not some dear familiar friend, who will completely break the spell of your adventure. But there is one good book (and of poetry, too) which is almost safe. To divulge its name would be as foolish as to advertise a cheap and pleasant inn in the country. Here, indeed, you may meet with one or two of the "best" authors; but they do not claim your acquaintance, they are young and shy, and have not been introduced to you. In other words, the pieces are either by "worst" writers at their best, or by good writers at their worst, which is the next best thing possible. The charms of this book lie not more in the poems than the occasions which gave them birth. What a charming diffidence there is about the poets of ninety years since! They scarcely dare to present their effusions to the gentle reader without a pretty bow and a blush of apology. "The occasion," says one, "that gave rise to the following poem may require explanation." A lady had presented to the author an emblematical drawing, accompanied by the following lines:—"Tel fut L'Amour au siècle (sic) D'Or—on ne le trouve plus, mais on ne le cherche encore—n'offrant qu'un cœur à (sic) la Beauté, aussi nud que le Vorité, sans armes comme L'Innocence, sans ailes comme la Constance." What a perfect apology if one were needed for nine stanzas of eight lines each! Could anybody resist bursting into song on such incitement? Not apparently in the "siècle D'Or" when these stanzas were written; but we have lost that exquisite sensibility now; we effuse not now on so slight a provocation; it needs more even than the present of a Chinese book to make our "penetrating glance survey The rise of empires and their swift decay" in six pages of heroic couplets; and the sight of a distant prospect no longer "unseals the fount of tears" and "bids the melancholy numbers flow." But this is not all that we have lost. Who now is a master of *italics*?—who shall teach us the proper use of the HYPHEN and the CAPITAL? But there was once a lady who could write (or print) like this:—

If mind shall ever be to form prefer'd,  
Courage to force, to beauty sentiment,  
One Brute, at least, has powers by HEAVEN conferred  
That for a doom oblivious were not lent.

And like this:—It is the dog she sings, who,

Watchful, and listening, walks his silent round  
Scenting the lurking Stranger from afar—  
Ha!—does he pass the interdicted bounds?  
The loud indignant bark proclaims the war.

No one can wonder that a poetess of such gifts should have been the mark of envy and the prey of the plagiarist. She has to complain (in a footnote) of the conduct of Miss T—e, who printed an elegy of hers in a Worcester paper as her own. She (the unprincipled Miss T—e) was then residing in that town, and "its real Author recollects having permitted Miss T—e's mother to take a copy of these

stanzas. *It is thus that the permission of transcript is often abused.*" At all events, we have improved in one respect, for no one would try to steal such verses now. What verses they are!—we may imitate perhaps, but to produce them spontaneously is as impossible as to write a Greek chorus. Miss Anne Seward could do it, and so could the Rev. W. Beloe, from whose "Ode to a Lady on her Birthday" we may perhaps gather some notion of the way it was done, on a cold stormy evening, a time probably favourable for this species of composition. Thus begins the Reverend Bard:—

Keen blows the wind, and biting rains descend;  
Boy! let the cheerful log improve the fire:  
Here too, invite my fair, my lovely friend;  
Meanwhile, from yon sear sapin bring the lyre.

Some of these conditions might be observed even to-day without much difficulty. A boy to put on logs and to call a pretty girl from over the way seems a possibility, but the sapin and lyre present graver difficulties. One is a little doubtful of the wisdom of exposing a delicate instrument to the biting rains, with no better protection than a "sear sapin"; but perhaps this is ignorant timidity, perhaps this is what the lyre wants, perhaps this is the secret of real effusion.

It is to be observed that, if this collection may be trusted, the flow of humour at the end of the last century scarcely equalled that of sentiment. There is one rather neat, but exceedingly nasty, epigram "On the Death of Dr. Evans, of Knightsbridge," a few more by a gentleman who conceals his identity under two stars, which, if not neater, are at least more suited to the ears of the Marias and Amelias of to-day. Here is one to prove:—

A hamper I receiv'd, of wine  
As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted—  
And Dick may be supposed to know,  
For he contriv'd his matters so,  
As every day with me to dine  
Much longer than the liquor lasted:—  
If such are presents—while I live  
Oh! let me not receive—but give.

But the blithest humourist of the party is undoubtedly Miss Priscilla Grub, who, in "A Farewell to Margate" (apparently penned on board the classic "hoy"), fondly recounts the pleasures of that famed resort, from the "russet lanes, so open to the sun, where whiskies, buggies, sulkies, tandems, run," to the raffling shops and

blythe Dandelion and its sports,  
So matchless—so ecstatic—so divine!  
Where dapper cits, like little gods appear,  
Wounding young Chloes with a civil leer;  
Where shepherds learn to eat, and dance, and court;  
Swilling hot coffee 'neath a fervid beam;  
Devouring half-baked crumpets while they steam,  
So fraught with Cambridge butter, or the grease;  
Where Gentry haste with half a crown a piece  
And hungry beaux in the meridian dine!

But "the hoy's in motion," and the time has come to quit Margate and this book, whose only fault is that it is not quite so "worst" as it might be. In its yellow-pink boards, like a faded rose-leaf, with its uncut soiled edges, like a rutty road, it has an aspect more pathetic, more poetical, perhaps, than any of its contents. It is a closed book now, a cemetery of extinct reputations, a grove Plutonian haunted by the shades of poets—and of poets who, when alive, were but shades of better ones—of Gray and Collins, of Thomson and Cowper, and who shall say how many more?

And yet, as all rules have their exceptions, so shall you find even in this grove some few voices which still speak to you—Campbell, and Cowper, and Leigh Hunt—Cowper dead, and the juvenile, Mr. J. H. L. Hunt, not long from Christ's Hospital, writing his epitaph—*Le Siècle est mort: vive le Siècle!*—

There where thought no more devours  
Rests the Poet and the Man,  
Life with all its subtle powers  
Ending where it first began.  
Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,  
Weep thou o'er his death awhile;  
If thine eye would still be clear,  
Think upon his life and smile.

This, if not super-excellent, is better than many of the verses which Leigh Hunt thought fit to reprint; and is, at all events, too good for a book that pretends to be altogether a "worst" one.



## THE THEATRES.

THE partial withdrawal of *The Foresters* from Daly's Theatre is matter rather for regret than for surprise, having regard to the undramatic quality of the piece. On the other hand, if *The Last Word*, which has been put on in its place, is not of the highest class with which Mr. Daly's company has been associated in this country, it is thoroughly representative of the style of work by means of which they first became popular here. It is one of Mr. Daly's many adaptations from the German, and, in common with its fellows, is distinguished by the adroitness with which the adapter has fitted Miss Rehan with a part. Equal skill was discernible with regard to the measurement of the other characters on the occasion of the former representations, but very large and important changes have taken place in the composition of the company since then. From beginning to end, the burden of the play rests upon the shoulders of the Baroness Vera Boraneff, whose task it is, in fact, to give life to the piece and maintain it alive, and it is in this continuous effort and its triumphant success that Miss Rehan asserts her mastery of her art quite as much as in the two showy theatrical passages which call more immediately for popular applause. From her first entrance, the actress takes possession of the stage, not with the stormy wilfulness of Katharine, but with a no less absolute if more suave imperiousness, and keeps it through a long gamut of varying moods, up to the tearful and persuasive eloquence of the recital by which the Baroness softens the Secretary's heart, and which practically ends the play. The archness and witchery of the comedy scene, in which the young woman-hater is brought to his knees, ranks with her very best performances, while, in the final appeal passage, her matchless elocution, in conjunction with the pure rich voice and its delicate modulations, is irresistibly fascinating, despite the artificial, almost tawdry, sentiment and the inordinate length of the lines. Taking it all round, Miss Rehan's performance is simply a magnificent display of the variety of her powers. Mr. James Lewis's neat method, quaint, unforced humour, and incisive utterance were again welcome in his representation of Airey; Miss Laura Graves, a young English actress, and a new addition to Mr. Daly's company, played Faith Ruthwell with engaging simplicity and natural ease, and Miss Isabel Irving was an excellent Winny.

Of other recent theatrical productions little that is favourable can be said. The new school which translates, but fails to adapt, from the French still finds representatives. It is not necessary to speak of *The Two Johnnies*, Mr. F. Horner's version of MM. Valabrégue and Ordonneau's *Durand et Durand*, since it has already been withdrawn from representation at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, except to remark that the excellent acting of an extremely capable company failed to secure its feeble lines and witless horseplay from "failure to attract." *The Lady Killer*, adapted or translated from M. Alexandre Bisson's 115 *Rue Pigalle*, and produced at the Strand Theatre, is work of a better class, although the hand of inexperience is plainly to be seen. In its boisterous way it is diverting; but opportunities are either thrown away or worked to death; the translated dialogue is flat and commonplace, and its French origin is scarcely concealed for a moment. There was discontent enough a few years ago with the adaptations from the French which had come to be known as "Criterion farces," and it was complained then that, though the language was English (and the idiom, too, which was an element of some importance in their favour), their spirit and atmosphere were French. To-day, even if we should not be prepared to give an over-cordial welcome to the indelicacies which remained in some of the older farces, we should be glad to get some of their brilliancy and sparkle. Good French farces are still written, even should the English supply be altogether exhausted; but there seems to be a tendency to keep them in the hands of a narrowly limited few who apparently do not see the wisdom of putting them into competent hands for adaptation. There must be capable men among us, if only a few, to undertake the task, which surely would not be lacking in profit. Mr. Burnand has done some admirable work in this way, and he was not only an adapter, so far as his material was capable of that kind of treatment, but he was excellent at leaving "no offence in't," and, it is necessary to add, he wrote irreproachable English. Then among the younger generation the part-author of *Godpapa*, and author of *The Poet and the Puppets*,

and *To-day*, although only the first of these is a farce, might be looked to for efforts in the way of farce, both original and adapted; while we have evidence in other directions that Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Grundy, and Mr. Pinero are still in the land of the living, and a manifestation of Mr. Brandon Thomas's skill is to be found nightly at the Globe. Burlesque, too, is in as bad a way as farce, or worse. Comic opera we may give up as a bad job altogether, except so far as the Savoy is concerned, and other people have already done so, if we may judge from the revivals already accomplished of *La Fille de Madame Angot* and *La Mascotte*, and the promised reproduction of *Madame Favart*, *La Belle Hélène*, and other works of the kind, all of which would be welcome enough but for their ruthless exposure of our poverty. During the last few days we have had *Little Christopher Columbus* at the Lyric and *A Gaiety Girl* at the Prince of Wales's. Each of these is important from a financial point of view, since large sums have been lavished upon each in scenery, dresses, mounting generally, and, it must in fairness be added, in both cases in the employment of much talent of a high order. Dramatically speaking, they are both absolutely worthless. In the latter there is some pretence of giving a slender thread of story, but in the other none. In fact, the actors hardly care to keep up any semblance of representing any character but their own. It is nakedly a string of variety turns; some of them, as variety turns, good; others, bad even at that. The lyrics are feeble and meaningless, even for comic opera—which, by the way, this does not pretend to be; and the dialogue, where it is not utterly pointless, consists of flippant references which can only be intelligible to a comparatively small circle of initiates. The real attractions are simply such and such a more or less "daring" dance, and songs and duologues of a distinctly music-hall character, and spoken, sung, and drawled in music-hall argot.

In *A Gaiety Girl*, as in previous ventures of Mr. George Edwardes, the popular taste for seeing some representation of the inner life of the lights of the burlesque stage and their fashionable satellites has been more or less successfully catered for, and the work of presenting this delectable picture is in the hands of such capable and refined artists as Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Eric Lewis, Miss Decima Moore, and Miss Juliet Nesville, whose presence here suggests another painful reflection on the non-existence of burlesque worthy of the name. Yet, it is in this state of things that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones can find it in his heart to say comfortable things about the condition of the Drama in England. We could scarcely have believed it possible, even if his vision had been limited to the glories of the Haymarket.

## YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

NOT a few of Lever's shrewdest remarks on the Irish people, and on English mismanagement of Irish affairs, as well as some of his drollest and happiest illustrations of Irish habits of thought, are put in the mouth of Kenny Dodd, of Doddsborough. Mr. Dodd himself, like Mr. O'Leary of *The Wanderings*, is a typical Irishman of a certain undefinable class. Standing somewhat below the big landlord, and decidedly above the Squireen, he is a racy and most characteristic product of the soil. He is quick-witted, warm-tempered, and warm-hearted; he makes light of the pecuniary troubles that would swamp a Saxon; he has a national aptitude for getting into scrapes and getting out of them; and even when he is ruefully contemplating his hopeless embarrassments is inclined to see everything from the humorous point of view. He is a fervent Catholic from custom rather than conviction, with no fixed principles, and few scruples. He is an ardent patriot, sympathizing with his poorer compatriots in a strong fellow-feeling for their faults and their failings, and his loyalty to the English connexion, such as it is, is entirely leavened by self-interest. Had Mr. Dodd been caught young, and put in semi-official harness like Con Heffernan, he would have made an admirable secret counsellor to the Castle, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief. He was versed in all the wiles and dodges of his countrymen, whether peasant or priest, agent or bill-discounter. On the other hand, he had studied the weak points of English administration, and had mastered the inconsistencies and vacillations which brought it into disfavour and contempt. He is satirical on the inveterate ignorance of

Irish character which betrays Whigs and Tories alike into the gravest blunders. Sometimes he waxes eloquent over the noble and practical virtues of a nation that had been systematically oppressed or misgoverned, and perversely misunderstood.

For himself he is a large-minded man of the world, and ready to make ample allowances for those who, being worse off than himself, are ready to take greater liberties with the laws. Had he had his way at the Castle, he would have saved the votes for special police and dispensed in great measure with coercion. In his dealing with the two emissaries sent specially to assassinate him he gave the authorities a lesson in conciliation. There is often wisdom in winking, in place of straining the law. Hearing that two men had come into his parish to shoot him, he does not go to swear the peace against them or set the Constabulary in motion. He manages the business fairly and softly. He assumes they have bargained for a certain sum of blood-money, and he asks whether they would not be willing to take a trifle more and let him live. The "decent men" are agreeable; he meets his would-be murderers on pleasant terms, and sees them off his lands, chatting over things in general. Kenny himself, who lived on his paternal acres, was far above the class from which assassins, or even avowed traitors, are recruited; but his conscience never gave him any trouble in his dealings with his creditors, or with the English or the Government. Like all his neighbours, and their fathers before them, of course he was over head and ears in debt. His fondest dreams never went beyond renewal of pressing liabilities, and repayment was deferred to the Greek Kalends. He desires to let Doddsborough, and a weak-minded Saxon, who has taken a fancy to the dreary place, apply for a lease. Kenny hates leases, as he dislikes parting with his freedom of action for a fixed number of years. His first impulse is to refuse. But on second thoughts he feels sure that no Englishman will stay in that blessed country of his beyond six months, and in that conviction he is ready to sign and seal. The probability, or rather the certainty, is that the victim will pay smart-money to be suffered to go free. By way of apologue, he tells the story of the vicious little chestnut mare that the Dublin dealer used to sell every Saturday because nobody could keep her more than a fortnight.

There is a delicious bit of irony when Kenny, hard up at Constance, is negotiating a loan from the Land Improvement Society, which he hopes to divert to personal objects. He asks his agent indignantly whether it is possible that the Society should make such a preposterous stipulation as that the money, if lent, should be laid out on the land. That would be downright tyranny and oppression. But, at all events, he adds, let us get the cash, for "I'd like to contest the point." "Fill up the blanks as you think best; and remit me the money at your earliest convenience." And Mr. Dodd illustrates the far-sighted sagacity of English legislation in his remarks on the working of the Encumbered Estates Act, especially in the wild West. He characterizes it as confiscation; but then Irish shrewdness in many cases had changed confiscation into repudiation. The property in a terrorized and disturbed district was put up for sale; but strangers naturally hesitated to bid. At last the depreciated lands were bought in for a comparative trifle, by someone acting in the interest of the old proprietor; the creditors had to be content with a shilling or two in the pound, and the impenitent debtor was relieved of his encumbrances. "If that is not repudiation," chuckles Mr. Dodd, "I don't know what is."

In one of the passages in which he rises to eloquence he touches the eternal chord which is always vibrating to the thrilling appeals of the agitators. It is the old cry of Ireland for the Irish, or, in other words, that the Irish are to have all the advantages of the Imperial connexion and of the influx of money from the wealthier side of the Channel, while keeping themselves a separate and peculiar people. He bemoans the changes said to be for the better. The gentry are going, the middle classes are going, the peasants are emigrating. It is nothing to his sentimental conservatism that paupers enrich themselves beyond the Atlantic, that swamps or bogs are being drained, and that the imported cattle and the sheep command far higher prices. He speaks for the great mass of his countrymen when he exclaims, "My notion is that by Ireland we should understand, not alone the soil, the rocks, and the rivers, but the people—the heart and soul and the life-blood that made the island the generous, warm-hearted spot we once knew it." Though we

fancy the sentimental patriot would have been sadly puzzled to fix the precise date of that golden age. The landlords who used to return members to Parliament were going, and Mr. Dodd, foreseeing the reduction of the suffrage, foretold the future rule of the priests. When Vickers, who was the Liberal member, framed his address to the electors of Bruff, he had to steer an extremely delicate middle course, and "limit his political line to a number of vague threats about vampire Church establishments and landlord tyranny, not being quite sure how far his friends are disposed to worry the Protestants and grind the gentry." Mr. Dodd remarks that no one knew better than the priests that fine words butter no parsnips. They will only give their support for pledges solidly guaranteed. And when they do succeed to the political power hitherto exercised by the landlords, he foretells that it will be impossible to deal with them, except on their own terms. Lever, who had no great love for them, has often indicated prophetically the influence which the priest could bring to bear on the enfranchised Catholics. The priest has every opportunity of working on religious sentiment or practising on superstitious terrors.

He can "deny the rites," or denounce from the altar, and in the confessional he exercises, at his discretion, the terrible power of opening or shutting the gates of Paradise. And of the two classes of the Catholic clergy which figure in Lever's novels, the older and the better—the cultivated students from St. Omer and Douai—has well-nigh disappeared. The priests of the present may often be pious according to their lights and convictions, but they are for the most part sprung from the lower-middle or peasant classes, and, with the prejudices and sympathies of their humble origin, they are the well-disciplined servants of an autocratic hierarchy. Both O'Connell and Mr. Dodd had foretold the difficulty there would be in treating with them. "So long as Dan was alive," said Mr. Dodd, "you could make your bargain—it might be, it often was, a very hard one—but when it was once made, he kept the terms fairly and honestly. But with whom will you treat now? Is it with McHale, or Paul Cullen, or Dr. Meyler? Since each of these will demand separate and specific conditions." Mr. Dodd's conclusion of the whole matter as to Irish maladministration is that there have been faults on both sides, for which the foreigners were primarily responsible; that the Irish had become thoroughly demoralized by a persistent course of inconsistent misgovernment. In point of fact, if the mischief was not absolutely irreparable, still the process of reparation would be lamentably slow. "The Government totally forgot there was such a thing as a people in Ireland, and, what's more, the people forgot it themselves; and the consequence was, they sank down to the level of a mean party following a miserable shabby lead—to shout after an Orange or a Green demagogue, as the case may be."

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE failure of the attempt to force a vote upon the Bill for the repeal of the Sherman Act in the United States Senate is reviving uneasiness both in the European and the American markets. It is admitted that the opponents of Repeal are now in a minority even in the Senate. They do not venture to allow a vote to be taken; all their efforts are directed to protracting the discussion indefinitely—from which it follows that they know they would be beaten if there were to be a division. But, though a minority, they are numerous enough and resolute enough to bring about a complete deadlock. The special Session began on the 7th of August. On the 28th of the same month Repeal was carried in the House of Representatives by a majority of considerably over two to one. For eight weeks, then, next Monday the Repeal Bill has been before the Senate, and there seems as little chance now of coming to a vote as when the debate first began. Naturally, attempts are being made to bring about a compromise. There appears to be no doubt that a large majority could be obtained in the Senate for a compromise; but it is very questionable whether any compromise could be carried through the House of Representatives. It is hardly likely that the great majority by which the repeal of the Sherman Act was carried in that House would now eat its own words, and accept a compromise. Besides, it is notorious that the majority in the House of Representatives acted



in accord with the President, and there is nothing to show that the President's influence over the House has since then been weakened. The President seems as resolved as ever to veto any compromise. Either he will have unconditional repeal, or he will allow the Sherman Act to remain upon the Statute Book. And it is in the highest degree improbable that the House of Representatives will allow its large majority to be over-ridden by a minority in the Senate. Unless, then, the President should change his mind, there seems no chance of carrying a compromise. But it also seems that the debate in the Senate may continue all through the present extra Session, and may begin again when the regular Session commences in December. The prospect of such a delay has completely stopped business all over the United States, and serious fears are now entertained that it may revive the apprehensions which were so keen a little while ago. It is notorious that every railway Company in the United States has an unwieldy floating debt. Some of the very best of them had to borrow in London during the height of the crisis. The Companies in low credit would not be likely to get credit here; but if confidence had revived, most of them might have been able to get accommodation at home. Now it is apprehended that the banks would not venture to continue lending, and it is generally believed that the public would not subscribe freely to a new loan. Therefore, the danger is, that many more railway Companies will have to apply for the appointment of receivers. At the end of last week the Union Pacific Company did so, and it is said that other Companies are likely to take the same course. There is also a good deal of disquieting talk about certain mortgage Companies, and there are the usual rumours respecting trading firms. Of course the United States Senate may suddenly give way, and repeal may be carried. If it is not, the distrust will continue all over the United States. Everybody will continue apprehensive of fresh failures, and there may possibly be a revival of alarm. The mere fear of failures will bring them about in not a few cases, trade will become more and more depressed, and business upon the Stock Exchange will be at a complete standstill. There are, however, no means of overcoming the opposition of the Senate. There is no Closure in that Assembly; and it appears to be quite regardless of public opinion. There is only too much probability, therefore, of the deadlock continuing.

The deadlock in the United States is making bankers unwilling to incur fresh risks, and so is putting a stop to all enterprise. Other influences, of course, assist—the coal strike at home and the general depression of trade abroad. But the main cause of the stagnation is the uncertainty as to what may happen in the United States. The Treasury ought to hold 20 millions sterling in gold as a reserve to insure the convertibility of the greenbacks. According to a telegram received from Washington on Thursday morning, it held somewhat less than 17 millions sterling; and, unfortunately, the stock is likely to decrease, for the expenditure exceeds the revenue; and as there is universal distrust in the United States, business is likely to grow worse. It seems evident, therefore, that the President must borrow. If he does, a large amount of gold may be taken from London. But it is possible that he may put off the loan until the struggle in the Senate with regard to the repeal of the Sherman Act has been decided. The doubt as to whether he will borrow soon or not is keeping our market in a state of anxiety and uncertainty.

The India Council on Wednesday again offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, but no applications were sent in. For three months now the Council has been unable to dispose of its drafts. Its funds are running very low, and the general expectation is that it will have to raise a loan in London before very long. The market has fixed the amount at 5,000,000*l.* As the Council has sold no drafts for three months, there has been a very great accumulation of money in the Presidency Treasuries, and it was hoped that this before now would have made the rates of interest and discount in India very much higher than they are, and thereby would have created a demand for the Council's drafts. Apparently, however, the closing of the mints has so seriously affected trade that there is little demand for banking accommodation, or even for currency, in India. Rates, no doubt, are rising, and the value of the rupee is better than it was a little while ago; but still it is under the price fixed upon by the Council.

The stock markets have continued utterly lifeless all through the week. Owing to the coal strike, the traffic returns of the railway Companies are still very bad. The civil war in Brazil seems as far from a termination as ever. The news from the Far East and from Australia is not satisfactory, and the deadlock in the United States is causing grave apprehensions. If the opposition of the Silver party in the Senate cannot be overcome, and the debate on the repeal of the Sherman Act is protracted, people are asking anxiously will there be a recurrence of the panic which has only just subsided? Even if there is not, distrust must continue, and the railroad Companies which have unwieldy floating debts will probably be unable to renew those debts or to fund them. In that case, the market asks, will a number of other Companies also become insolvent? Furthermore, the state of the United States Treasury makes it probable, as said above, that the President will have to borrow a large amount; and if gold begins to go from London, may there not be a scare here, and may not, therefore, all markets be disturbed? Altogether the outlook is so threatening that bankers are unwilling to lend much to the Stock Exchange, and operators are fortunately compelled to be very cautious. Continental politics, too, are helping to stop business. The Italian Premier's speech at Dronero is considered satisfactory as far as it goes. But each successive Italian Ministry for years past has been making similar promises, and very little up to the present has come of them. Something more than professions is required to restore the credit of Italy, and as well-wishers we hope the Government will lose no time in giving proofs that performance will rapidly follow promise.

There is little change this week in the higher class investment stocks, but Indian and Colonial are somewhat higher. Thus Indian Sterling Threes closed on Thursday at 98½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Victoria Three and a Half closed at 89, also a rise of ½. Home Railway stocks, in spite of the bad traffic returns, are somewhat higher. Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 113½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. London and South-Western Ordinary closed at 183, a rise of 1; and North-Eastern closed at 154½, a rise of 1½. In the American department almost all prices have been or are lower, latest quotations showing some recovery from the worst. To begin with the purely speculative shares, which are quite unsuited to the investor, but which show the tendency of the market, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 18½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; Union Pacific closed at 17½, a fall of ½; and Erie Preferred closed at 26½, a fall of 3. Coming next to the speculative bonds, we find that Atchison Second Mortgage "A" closed at 37½, a fall of 4; Atchison Gold Mortgage Four per Cents closed at 71, a fall of 3; Denver Fours closed at 74, a fall of 1½; and Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 70½, a fall of 1½. Coming next to the dividend-paying shares, we find that Illinois Central closed on Thursday at 94, a fall compared with the previous Thursday of 1½; and Lake Shore closed at 124½, a fall of 2½. There is little change in Argentine railway stocks, but the Government securities are higher. Thus the Fives of 1886 closed on Thursday at 64½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½, and the Funding bonds closed at 68½, a rise of 1½. Inter-Bourse securities have not moved much during the week, but Italian closed on Thursday at 82½, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday.

#### MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S RECITALS.

LAST Saturday week Mr. Harrison began a series of four recitals, the last that he will give before he goes abroad for the winter. That he gains, instead of loses, in his attraction as reciter is shown by the crowded audiences he draws, who appreciate him as much in his humorous as in his pathetic pieces. Mr. Harrison succeeds in avoiding the rock most reciters split on, that of exaggerating and over-acting, and he manages to give all the points in his recitations, and to change his voice and manner without becoming the least staid. Let us hope he will come back from his winter abroad with renewed strength and health, again to delight his admirers in England.

## REVIEWS.

## MR. HUXLEY'S COLLECTED ESSAYS.\*

WE have frequently experienced, and have, if we are not mistaken, more than once acknowledged here, the agreeable sensations due to a new, or even a not quite new, volume of Mr. Huxley's. "Sir, we shall have good talk," a man says to himself with a slight tense-alteration of the Johnsonian dictum. He knows he will frequently have the pleasure of seeing, if we may so speak, Mr. Huxley punching heads that deserve to be punched; he will not unfrequently enjoy that of keeping his own head from Mr. Huxley's blows. And sometimes ("for let us make our dream," as the Prince has it, "All that we will") he will perhaps land one or two on Mr. Huxley's own extremely respected person.

It is understood that the present is the opening volume of a sort of definitive edition of Mr. Huxley's works, and, therefore, by the blessing of that Providence in which Mr. Huxley is not an ostensibly fervent believer, we may have repeated joys of this kind. The book does not contain anything absolutely new, and we gather, without having taken the rather churlish pains to compare the present with the original forms of the Essays, that the old matter has not undergone any but formal and superficial revision. Mr. Huxley tells us that he finds nothing to alter in substance, though the contents date in point of birthday over very nearly thirty years. And he says that the question "whether that is evidence of the soundness of his opinions or of his having made no progress in wisdom for the last quarter of a century" must be left to the courteous reader to decide. We hope—nay, speaking as fools, we could almost say we believe—that we are courteous readers; but we must make a little exception, a little *distingendum est* to this remark of Mr. Huxley's. "Progress in wisdom" approaches rather nearly to what is pedantically called the *fallacia plurium interrogationum*. We cannot grant that all the opinions here embodied were originally or are now sound; and we are more than ready to grant a very distinct progress in the cultivation and application of those admirable intellectual qualities which Mr. Huxley has always displayed. But whether these qualities are collectively to be described by the name "wisdom" is a point on which we might demur a little. Without entering into a perhaps disgusting inquiry as to how many men the world has yielded who deserved the epithet "wise," we may modestly lay down certain characteristics of the Wise Man. He must, above all things, have a catholic and tolerant appreciation; he must have no "axe to grind" of the intellectual sort; he must look at all sides of a question; and he must not confound "not knowing" with "knowing not." These are not quite the notes which, admiring Mr. Huxley to the very utmost tether of criticism, we can quite accord as the distinguishing Huxleian characteristics.

This little reservation made, let us turn to the more agreeable task of cataloguing what we do find here. There are nine essays and a short autobiographic introduction. The piquancy of this latter is, or should be, well known; and when, after one of the briefest and not the least instructive autobiographies on record, Mr. Huxley talks about "the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off," and denounces "that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism which in England as everywhere else is the deadly enemy of science," we only shake our heads and say, in words which Mr. Huxley will recognize, "Dand! ye're the auld man yet!" Nor need we make any further remark except that some of the most "pious hands" in this world's history have been the most distinctly conscious of the uglier features, that "make-believe" is a *petitio principii*, and that when we find Science shrieking and scolding about "deadly enemies" we perceive that she is even yet not particularly sure of her respectable and much self-advertising self.

The essays proper which the book contains are, as we have said, of widely differing dates, but there is this noticeable about them, that they are, for the most part, either pretty old or very young. Were it not for the 1874 essay on the "Automatism of Animals" and the Jubilee review of the progress of science during the reign of Queen Victoria, an interval of all but twenty years would exist between the batches; and as it is, one of thirteen does, as will be seen, lie between these, the two advanced piers of the bridge. On the further side we have a group dotted over the lustrum between 1866 and 1871, and consisting of the glorification of the Royal Society, entitled "On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge" (1866), the famous "Physical Basis of Life" address

(1868), the "Descartes" study, in which the author sees the central indication of his own method (1870), and a very fiery attack on those who objected to the spread of elementary education, called "Administrative Nihilism" (1871). On the hither side lies a remarkably different group, composed of three mainly political essays, well remembered, we should suppose, even by the youngest, in which only three years ago Mr. Huxley brought his remarkable dialectical powers to bear on the neo-Jacobins, the Henry-Georgites, and the current theorists on Government generally.

In looking over these always interesting and sometimes famous papers, one finds, of course, not a few things on which comment is tempting. The aggressive glorification of natural science in the first paper exhibits Mr. Huxley's Duessa with fascinating simplicity, and it is quite delightful to see how convinced her lover then was that she was Fidesa after and before all. We never quite knew what there was in the far more famous "Physical Basis of Life" to excite the hubbub which it once caused. It is an ordinary, and for Mr. Huxley a rather *infra-ordinary*, flourish in the face of orthodoxy and supernaturalism, made lively by the fact that the speaker, or writer, had in that much over-rated person, Archbishop Thomson of York, a rather convenient adversary. To those who are really careful for philosophy the Descartes essay can yield in interest to none in the book; and it is certainly not here that Mr. Huxley will meet with any attempt to depreciate by far the most original, if not the positively greatest, of modern philosophers. But he must not come the natural philosopher over us too much with his Descartes. That the author of the *Discours de la Méthode* was a very considerable physicist there is no doubt; but other philosophers have been distinguished geometers, excellent persons at sitting up and drinking till it was time to go to the market-place, familiar—not, alas! to their health—with law courts, wranglers with washerwomen on landings, and Heaven knows what else. These things are accidents; the essence of Cartesianism is its metaphysical side. And in dealing with this side Mr. Huxley, though, no doubt, he has not a few metaphysicians to back him, does not seem to us always happy. He, for instance, like so many others, must cavil at *Cogito ergo sum*; though we must confess that he has a better reason than most people to quarrel with it, inasmuch as, rightly understood, it makes but a small thing of "natural knowledge." It would take considerably more room than we can spare here to examine in detail his remarks on this great subject; but any one who will examine pp. 176 and 177 will discover some singular paralogisms. For instance, Mr. Huxley says:—"Neither of the existence of self nor of the existence of not-self have we, or can we by any possibility have, any such unquestionable and immediate certainty as we have of the states of consciousness which we consider to be themselves their effects." In the name of Barbara and Darapti, of synthetic judgment and analytic judgment, how can we be more certain of a state of consciousness than of the self that is, if only for the moment, conscious?

We shall pass over the "Automata" essay, which does not seem to us perfectly in place here, and come to the last four, the Administrative Nihilism of 1871, and the above-described batch of three in 1890. The juxtaposition of the first-named with its successor, on the natural inequality of men, is a capital and probably a designed instance of Mr. Huxley's magnificent audacity. For it certainly seems to us (and we say it quite prepared for a vigorous vindication of his consistency) that Mr. Huxley has here exposed himself in a very self-contradictory light indeed. In 1871, being then, whether "wise" or not, a little unregenerate, he had indulged in a regular philippic against the wretches who object to universal education of a tolerably advanced kind. The other paper—nineteen years younger itself, but coming from a nineteen years older Mr. Huxley—attacks in a somewhat quieter tone, but with equal vigour and more practised dialectic, the theory of equality, and, in fact, democracy and the democratic ideal in general.

Now these things seem to us by no means to agree together. Of course in the first essay and in the earlier time Mr. Huxley never said—never could have said—anything so foolish as that all men are equal, or have talked nonsense about natural rights. Of course in the second he has not directly eaten his words in the first, and advocated "caste" or deprecated education. But the irreconcilableness of his arguments is almost as flagrant as if he had. For if, as he strongly, and we think convincingly, argues in the second, all men are *not* equal, if you cannot make them equal do what you will, and if it is, as we fully agree, a disastrous thing that "the cook or the loblolly boy on board ship should have as much voice in the navigation as the officers," then we fear it will follow that the theory of education which Mr. Huxley championed so stoutly long ago will be at best a useless and inconvenient, at worst a very dangerous theory. Granted that inequality is not distributed in castes; granted that there is

\* *Collected Essays*. By T. H. Huxley. Vol. I.—*Method and Results*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.



a chance of finding the fittest in the lowest caste or class, of finding an incapable, or even the most incapable, at the top. Nobody that we know of ever has held that education should be rigidly barred to the lower orders, and there most certainly never has been a time in England when it was. But the plan which excited Professor Huxley's early-muddled enthusiasm goes far beyond constructing a sort of salmon-ladder for talent. It says "Men are not equal; yes, we cannot make them so; yes, the cook-and-loblolly-boy-governed ship is an anomaly which is chiefly tolerable because just rocks or quicksands will pretty rapidly clear it off the face of the waters. But, lest we lose one possible admiral in an actual loblolly boy, let us educate all loblolly boys as if they were to be, and were capable of being, admirals. Let us not only allow, but compel them to come in and be educated. Let us turn a blind eye [as Mr. Huxley actually does] to the fact that such education will not only fit them for that of which they are incapable, but will unfit them and give them a distaste for the arts, very important to the world, of which they are capable. Let us neglect altogether the long since ascertained fact that education is itself a kind of aristocratic thing, and that the exaltation of its lower means the lowering of its higher kinds. Let us refuse to remember that, the more we educate the cook and the loblolly boy, the more obstinately will they claim their right to steer the vessel."

The contrast is curious, but pleasant withal; for, when we compare these two essays, and their sentiments and their dates, we begin to believe that Mr. Huxley has progressed in wisdom after all; that he has, at any rate in these later days, made a shift to matriculate in it, and to add this gift also to his extensive learning, his dexterous use of most logical weapons, his admirable faculty of writing English at once vigorous and elegant, and, let us add, that robust self-confidence which is the beginning of success and felicity, if it is not invariably the beginning of wisdom.

## NOVELS.\*

MR. HAROLD VALLINGS has attacked one of the most difficult situations in life in his novel, *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*, and it cannot be denied that he has done it with as much courage as ability, though his treatment is too melodramatic to allow the strict critic to call the book a complete success. He has humour, pathos, and poetic feeling; but the crown of these rare things is simplicity, and the lack of it often jars the content of the reader. The transgression into which Dr. Terence Clancy is drawn by force of temptation and weakness of will is one of the basest poor human nature is capable of, and one of the rarest; for it demands a coadjutor of self-sacrifice supreme almost beyond human capacity. Terence Clancy could not have so transgressed but for the absolute selfishness of Simon Secretan. We find it impossible to follow Terence through his maze (for it is not a plot) of lies, hypocrisy, cruel and mischievous falsehood, and cunning deceit, with continuous sympathy. The author seems scarcely to expect we should, and it is enough that such a creature should be understood not to be wholly bad. The triumph in the drawing lies in making the reader follow Nell Tredethlyn in her relations with Terence with unswerving fellow-feeling. Nell throws over the solemn Simon for the fascinating Irishman, and small blame to her for that. She rejects the pure dull gold for the glittering tinsel; but even when she perceives the shifting, elusive, deceitful nature of her husband, her loyalty makes her merciful. The last scene between the two, in which her nobleness drags the last lingering drop of unselfishness from the dregs of his nature to the surface, is touching. Without describing the plan of the novel minutely, it suffices to say that Simon Secretan is forced by his affection for Nell into bearing the disgrace of the infamy committed by Clancy, and, sinless, to suffer absolute social death, disinheritation, and degradation. Dr. Clancy is an Irishman of the South, with the fascinating qualities and evasive principles so often found together in that distressful region. He is handsome, graceful, clever, and, if we may be allowed the epithets, garrulous and impetuous. All these things work together much to his ill. The story is by no means gloomy, serious as are the interests involved. There are many minor characters—minor only in a dramatic sense—bright, interesting, and amusing. The novel is one to be read.

\* *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*. By Harold Vallings. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

*The Quarry Farm: a Country Tale*. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

*Found Wanting*. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. London: F. V. White & Co. 1893.

*The Scallywag*. By Grant Allen. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

In *The Quarry Farm* Mr. J. S. Fletcher wanders not from the limitation of the second title, "a Country Tale." It is a country tale of English country life, and it has the charm to be found in many an out-of-the-way rural spot in our beautiful land, simplicity subtly blended with romance, and solitude redeemed by human interest from loneliness. There is in the author's rustic dialogue a touch of Mr. Hardy's manner; a touch removed from imitation, and arising from a common appreciation of the same study. His landscape has not the breadth of Mr. Hardy's, nor his presentment of the peasant such depth of understanding; but, so far as they go, they are both excellent. The canvas is much smaller, and the detail is suited to it. Proportion is admirably maintained. The act of infidelity committed by the younger of the two sisters Bennett, the lovely, light-hearted Juliet, looked on by Miranda as so dreadful a breach of faith, is not only finally condoned by every one, but is felt by the reader all through to be the wisest and best thing she could do. The "Wise Man" who aids the elopement is, in truth, a sage in matters of worldly conduct, though he trifles darkly with magic discs, black cats, ravens, hypnotic trances, and suchlike. The story of Juliet's flightiness and Miranda's steadfast faith is as healthy and wholesome as the breeze over the Quarry Farm; the idiot Barnaby's detection and report of the scene of "a kisser" and a cuddlin' in the wood" is funny; and even the disappointed Stephen's revenge on his lovely new drawing-room furniture is not wholly tragic.

*Found Wanting* is in Mrs. Alexander's usual pleasant style—thoughtful, facile, easy to read, and not difficult to forget. The action passes now in London, now in Paris. There are many blunders in the French phrases employed; but, as there are quite as many in English, it is charitable to set them down as uncorrected errors of the printer. The point of the story lies in the relations between two girls, May Riddell and Frances Conroy, and Mr. Ogilvie, a clever, ambitious, unscrupulous Englishman, who must have money to back up his political career, but is unfortunate enough to prefer the girl who has none. In this quandary Mr. Ogilvie conceives a way out of the situation which is by no means uncommon in fact or fiction either, but is not frequently promulgated in so free and formal a fashion as his. He calls on May Riddell to inform her of his approaching marriage with Frances Conroy, her greatest friend, and adds, "May, I can never part with you." The *ménage à trois* is not unknown in England, but the calm proposition of it in unimpassioned and respectful language, in a conventional South Kensington drawing-room, is a curious and original scene which Mrs. Alexander represents with great naturalness, and terminates just as it ought to do. After May's rejection of this arrangement, and Mr. Ogilvie's disappearance from the story, its interest flags. Bernard Carr, the *jeune second*, is a poor substitute for the clever cynic Ogilvie, and the recognition of him by Madame Falk as her long lost son is comically suggestive of *Bar and Carr*. "Had he—had he anything—any mark on his left ear?" "Then, as sure as you sit there, young Carr is your son!"

Mr. Grant Allen's reputation as an inquirer into science preceded that he has made as a writer of fiction, and in the opinion of some remains still in advance of it. So that a student less versed in the way the world moves than in literary lore might well be led astray by the title *The Scallywag*, and imagine he was to have in it the history of an antediluvian monster or an extinct species. The Scallywag in question, however, is a most modern creature. The only science in Mr. Grant Allen's novel is social science, and that much at variance with the disquisitions which used to be poured forth on the world at stated intervals by tedious persons of both sexes under that title. It is a bright sketch of modern character and manners, not professing to dive deep into the mysteries of life, but penetrating far enough beneath the surface to touch the springs of laughter and tears. The Scallywag is a species; and individuals in it may differ. Paul Gascoyne (without a "g," he it observed—"only one family of Gascoynes with a 'y' and without a 'g'") is really and truly a Scallywag, and just at the beginning presents few of the qualities which make male youth attractive. He is shy, humble, and very badly dressed; he is parsimonious beyond the degree permitted to any one who is any one; he endures impertinence, and only gets very red when socially hustled. Paul by no means wins the reader at first. But when the Scallywag's early life is revealed, and the terribly tight place he is caught in described, it is found how much of an unconscious hero he is, and the rather obtuse simplicity he retains to the last becomes an added claim to sympathy. The author's manner is so light and buoyant that one is carried along without fully realizing the great cleverness with which each individual is sketched till the almost tragic, certainly very pathetic, though happy end. One pays the book the rare tribute of turning back

to look again at the first presentment of people we have come to feel such interest in. To describe the story more fully would take away this pleasure from other readers, so we refrain. A small habit shows on the author's horizon no bigger than a man's hand now, but capable of growing into a great danger—repetition. The word is sufficient to the wise.

#### THE WANDERER.\*

*THE WANDERER* is again among us, in its earliest form, and between the day of its first publication and of this new edition a generation has arisen and one has all but passed away. In changed and altered guise, two editions of this work were given to the world by its author, and we learn from the preface that "to the last he kept the intention of once more remodelling the work." Now that the poet's hand can no longer touch his own creation, the decision of those who are the guardians of his works has been well taken, that *The Wanderer* should again be given to the public in the form which they have never hesitated to accept as the best, that in which it first came to them from the then unknown "Owen Meredith." On both sides of the sea it was welcomed, and men listened for the songs, and watched the footprints of Owen Meredith, till the days of his pilgrimage were over.

We do not mean to write of the poems with any of the usual forms of criticism. The work has its place assigned to it in the regions of poetry, and we neither desire, nor think it expedient, to go back upon that judgment. There is one addition to *The Wanderer* which it could not possess when it was first published. Forming part of the preface is a letter to Mr. John Forster, the author's "most intimate friend and literary confidant," which describes the attitude of mind in which the volume was written, and the stages of thought and feeling which the poems illustrated. Young as Lord Lytton was when, as a Wanderer, he looked out upon life and read for himself the part that man must play in passing through it, we find in these poems what we find in all his works, his deep sense of the capacity for suffering which lies in the human heart, and the sympathy which is therefore due to all humanity.

In the beautiful dedicatory poem to John Forster, with which the volume opens, one verse describes in simplest form the keynote of the poet and his poetry:—

A human spirit here records  
The annals of its human strife;  
A human hand hath touch'd these chords.  
These songs may all be idle words,  
And yet—they once were life.

He looked on life, and with no ordinary eye gauged its pain, its weakness, and its follies; and, seeing these, he felt the pain of humanity, and was weighted with its mystery. Perchance he felt it too overwhelmingly, and for that very reason we miss the note which soars on a higher wing, and which speaks of "human strife" overcome by endurance and strength. This may be so; but there will always be those in this world who love the song that comes straight from a human heart, and to these the songs of "Owen Meredith" will ever come with "healing in their wings."

#### VATHEK.†

IT is not often in these days that the editor of a well-worn classic can give so good an account of his stewardship as Dr. Garnett is able to boast in once more presenting *Vathek* to the English public. He is to be congratulated on having discovered evidence which revolutionizes our whole conception of the conditions under which Beckford's romance appeared. The old idea, entertained by excellent historians of literature until very lately, was that a French edition of 1784 existed, which attracted little attention until the English translation two years later made the charms of this Eastern tale generally appreciated. Comparatively lately there has been raised a doubt as to the reality of this 1784 edition, which nobody had ever seen, but, still further to confuse bibliography, an English version of 1784 was invented by Cyrus Redding, whom everybody until Dr. Garnett has followed. It is now proved that until long after 1784 *Vathek* existed neither in a French nor in an English edition. Dr.

\* *The Wanderer*. By the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). New edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

† *Vathek: an Arabian Tale*. By William Beckford. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. With Notes by Samuel Henley, and Etchings by Herbert Nye. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

Garnett needs no extraneous evidence, since his proofs are complete; but we would point out that the truth might long ago have been suspected from the words of Blin de Sainmore, who had the French original manuscript in his hands, and did not approve it for printing until on the 26th of January, 1787.

The great mystifiers of biography are the subjects of it themselves. In another respect, the truth about *Vathek* has been arrested for a couple of generations by Beckford's own categorical statement when he was near the end of his life. He told Redding:—

"I wrote *Vathek* when I was twenty-two years old. I wrote it at one sitting, and in French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took my clothes off the whole time. This severe application made me very ill."

In the absence of other evidence, this statement has been accepted without question by French and English critics. But alas! for the fallacies of memory, it now appears to have been a complete error of recollection. Dr. Garnett has had access to a collection of letters, the property of Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Fonthill Abbey, which passed between Beckford and Samuel Henley, and these letters completely alter the aspect of the story. Henley was a young man of more talent than character or good feeling, by no means unwilling to exploit the indolent and indulgent Beckford. But it certainly is a startling discovery that it is to Henley that the first inspiration of *Vathek* is due. As early as January 29, 1782, Beckford tells Henley:—"You are answerable for having set me to work upon a story so horrid that I tremble whilst relating it, and have not a nerve in my frame but vibrates like an aspen. There will be no proceeding in our work without many long consultations." In April "my Arabian Tales go on prodigiously," and in May "the tale of the Caliph Vathek goes on surprisingly." In January 1783—alas! for the legend of the three days and two nights—"I go on bravely with the episodes of *Vathek*," which have never been printed, and may yet exist in MS. The story seems to have been concluded in February 1783, having certainly occupied Beckford more than a year in its composition.

In May 1783 Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, and went to Switzerland. The only MS. of *Vathek*, as Dr. Garnett discovers, was left in Henley's hands, and a proposition was entertained that Henley should translate it into English. A year passed, and we find Henley at length "deep in the Hells of Damnation," and Beckford eagerly longing to read the promised translation. In October 1784 the latter was finished, but none of it reached Beckford until February 1785. In April, at Henley's desire, Beckford is revising the original. Now follows, under date February 9, 1786, a letter, the importance of which it would be impossible to overrate. Beckford writes to Henley:—

"The publication of *Vathek* [in English] must be suspended at least another year. I would not on any account have him precede the French edition. . . . The episodes are nearly finished, and the whole work will be completed within a twelvemonth. You must be sensible that, notwithstanding my eagerness to see *Vathek* in print, I cannot sacrifice the French edition to my impatience. The anticipation of so principal a tale as that of the Caliph would be tearing the proudest feather from my turban. I must repeat, therefore, my desire that you will not give your translation to the world till the original has made its appearance, and we have talked more on the subject."

Nothing could be clearer or more categorical than this, nor did Beckford fail to repeat his cautions and his wishes in the directest terms. The vanity of Henley was, however, awakened, and taking advantage of the absence of his friend from England, and Beckford's absorption in domestic trouble, late in 1786 Henley permitted a bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard to issue his English translation of the unpublished manuscript. To add to his effrontery, Henley said nothing about any French original, but claimed to have translated *Vathek* from the Arabic. What punishment Beckford designed for this act of treachery and meanness does not appear from the correspondence; he speaks no more of Henley. But he fortunately hastened to prepare his own manuscript for the press, and in the course of 1787 two editions in French were issued, one at Lausanne, the other in Paris. Both are extremely rare, and it is by no means easy to determine the priority of either. A note by Chavannes, to whom the publication of the Lausanne edition was entrusted by Beckford, first saw the light in 1889, and seems to establish that this was the earlier, but there are difficulties in the way, which are clearly stated by Dr. Garnett, who has moreover discovered what is really a mysterious fact, that the text of the two French editions differs in hundreds of instances. As Beckford was in Portugal at the time, and could have personally inspected the proof-reading of neither, this is very startling. We must merely indi-



cate to the reader the brilliant way in which Dr. Garnett meets this difficulty, and suggests a mode of overcoming it.

Occupied with the notable bibliographical matter which he is so fortunate as to have at his command, Dr. Garnett says little or nothing regarding the literary position of *Vathek*. Yet the subject is one peculiarly tempting to a critic. The character of this romance is in many respects unique. The excellence of the French seems to be admitted by the critics of France, and one curious tribute to it has, so far as we are aware, not been mentioned in any English work—namely, that the authorship was claimed by a real Frenchman, Sébastien Mercier, author of *Le Tableau de Paris*. M. Mallarmé, who recalled *Vathek* to modern Frenchmen in 1876, applauds the style; "tout coule de source," he says, "avec une limpidité vive, avec un ondolement large de périodes." Beckford prided himself upon a descent, on the maternal side, from Anthony Hamilton; in a letter now for the first time published he says, "I think Count Hamilton will smile upon me when we are introduced to each other in Paradise," and not a little of his ancestor's Gallic piquancy and grace had passed into the veins of "England's wealthiest son."

The French origin of *Vathek* is not to be overlooked by any critic who desires to give the book its exact place in literature. Judged as an English production, it can only be compared with *Rasselas*, a grave and chilly apologue, with which it really has exceedingly little but the exterior form in common. But in France it had for fifty years been customary, even for those of the most serious proclivities, to descend, for purposes of satire, whim, or fable, into the "bibliothèque des fées," or "des génies," which lay open to receive all comers. Diderot had not disdained to write *L'Oiseau Blanc*, nor Voltaire *La Princesse de Babylone*. Montesquieu himself was responsible for a delicious *Temple de Gnide*. This was the company, such was the order of imaginative caprice, to which Beckford designed to offer a contribution, and, by dint of no one knows what mysterious blast of intense feeling, he contrived to excel all these eminent predecessors—not, perhaps, in lightness and sparkle, but certainly in grandeur of design. What is very extraordinary, and will never be satisfactorily explained, is, that such a wealth of imagination, such force of painting, such ebullience in the pouring forth of magnificent and sumptuous images, should have been exhausted in one brief exercise, and that Beckford, a master of style at five and twenty, should have lived to his eighty-fifth year without making another effort to excel. We say "another effort" with intention, for *Amezia* was an insult to the indulgence of his admirers.

The treasonable action of Henley has been well chastised by the utter neglect which posterity has paid to his merits; but just as this is in a poetical sense, it is in another way quite undeserved. His rendering of *Vathek* is extraordinarily good, and Henley's English deserves to be compared with Beckford's French at its best. His notes, absurd as their pretence of erudition is, are written with unusual charm of style, and in the text it is but rarely that we meet with an expression that suggests a foreign source. The original French of Beckford is little known to English readers, and to exemplify the characteristics of the original and of the translator, we have no scruple in giving an excerpt of each. We will first quote from the Paris edition of 1787:—

'Vathek et Nouronihar se firent jour à travers ces draperies, et entrèrent dans un vaste tabernacle tapissé de peaux de léopards. Un nombre infini de vieillards à longue barbe, d'Afrites en complète armure, étoient prosternés devant les degrés d'une estrade, au haut de laquelle, sur un globe de feu, paroisoit assis le redoutable Eblis. Sa figure étoit celle d'un jeune homme de vingt ans, dont les traits, nobles et réguliers, sembloient avoir été flétris par des vapeurs malignes. Le désespoir et l'orgueil étoient peints dans ses grands yeux, et sa chevelure ondoyante tenoit encore un peu de celle d'un ange de lumière. Dans sa main délicate, mais noireie par la foudre, il tenoit le sceptre d'airain, qui fait trembler le monstre Ouranbad, les Afrites, et toutes les puissances de l'abîme.'

Henley renders this:—

'After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence; on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he

swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble.'

Here little or nothing seems lost of sublimity or melody; indeed, one or two expressions of Beckford's, which sound slightly un-French, regain their Anglican propriety with Henley. We have not the Lausanne text before us, and are unable to conjecture why the apparent age of Eblis and the delicacy of his hand have disappeared in the English. They may have been added by Beckford to the Paris text, or they may have been dropped by Henley as needlessly exuberant. Dr. Garnett has done more than all his predecessors to clear up the difficulties which surround the bibliography of *Vathek*; but much remains obscure, and is likely so to remain.

#### TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

THE whole title-page of this magnificent book is as follows:—

"Alfred, Lord Tennyson and his friends, a series of twenty-five portraits and frontispiece in photogravure from the negatives of Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron and H. H. H. Cameron; reminiscences by Annie Thackeray Ritchie, with introduction by H. H. Hay Cameron." The portraits have much of the softness and delicacy of mezzotint engravings. There are four of Tennyson himself—one of them from Mr. Watts's picture, and the others from life. There is also an engraving from a bust by Chantrey of Arthur Hallam. The "friends" comprise, besides Lady Tennyson and her two sons, Carlyle, Browning, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Lecky, Mrs. Cameron, and Charles Darwin. The series concludes with an admirable likeness of Mr. Irving as Becket. We do not quite understand why three clergymen—Mr. Jowett, Dr. Butler, and Dr. Bradley—are all dubbed "Very Reverend"—a title which only belongs to the last named. Two Americans appear in the list, Longfellow and Lowell, and there are admirable portraits of both from life. The portrait of Mrs. Cameron is from the picture by Mr. Watts, and is a lovely work of art. The likeness of Lord Dufferin is, like those of Tennyson himself, singularly lifelike and characteristic. Mr. Cameron is certainly fully entitled to quote some sentences in his introduction which were addressed by Frederick Denison Maurice to Mrs. Cameron:—"Had we such portraits of Shakespeare and of Milton, we should know more of their own selves." And he also quotes from some expressions of Mrs. Cameron's:—"When I have had these men before my camera my whole soul has endeavoured to do its duty towards them in recording faithfully the greatness of the inner as well as the features of the outer man."

Mrs. Ritchie's reminiscences form a very suitable accompaniment to the pictures. They are in her most graceful style, poetry though not verse. The reminiscences include some of Mr. Cameron "with his snowy locks." He had lived long in India, where he was legal member of Council. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron had a house half way between Farringford and the sea, and there Mrs. Cameron first began to photograph, turning the coal-hole into a dark room, and the fowl-shed into a glass-house. "I longed," she said, "to arrest all the beauty that came before me, and at last the longing was satisfied." Mrs. Ritchie adds:—"It is delightful still to remember the photographer's delight in her work." Here is a photograph in words:—

'The light straggles through the mossy twisted branches of the trees in the park; Tennyson and his sons are leading the way to the little gate which opens to the lane; Jowett, following behind, presently stops short, and looks up into the silvered branches overhead; and then Lionel Tennyson, coming back under the moonlit trees, tells us to listen to the nightingale, which has just begun to sing.'

Altogether this is a most fascinating book, and a splendid possession for any one who has a copy of it. Mrs. Ritchie's notes are only too slight and short; but it is a difficult task to write, as she has here done, about people many of whom are still living, and none of whom are long dead.

#### THE THEORY OF FUNCTIONS.†

THIS work is the product of English mind transferred to American soil. It deals with an interesting and important development of Pure Mathematics, which, as time goes on, is

\* *Alfred, Lord Tennyson and his Friends*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

† *A Treatise on the Theory of Functions*. By James Harkness, M.A., Associate Professor of Mathematics in Bryn Mawr College, Pa., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Frank Morley, M.A., Professor of Pure Mathematics in Haverford College, Pa., late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

proving itself a more powerful solvent of mathematical problems than could possibly have been anticipated. The most legitimate extensions of elementary analysis lead so directly into the Theory of Functions, that recent writers on Algebra, Trigonometry, the Calculus, &c., give theories which are indispensable parts of the subject treated of in this work. To a great extent, the writers have availed themselves of the labours of other investigators in the field, amongst whom the names of German and French workers and theorists present a greater prominence than is altogether pleasing to our national self-love, notwithstanding that Cayley, Chrystal, Clifford, and Glaisher find an honourable place. Although, however, the originality of the volume before us is not strongly marked, the authors have displayed much skill in the choice, arrangement, and elaboration of the materials at their disposal; and within their self-imposed limits there is little left to be desired.

The scheme of the work may be briefly set forth. The earlier chapters, dealing with the general expression of elementary operations, are intended to be complete in themselves. In Chapter III. the theory of convergence is discussed at some length, and with considerable fulness and ability. This prepares the way for the consideration of Weierstrass's Theory of the Analytic Function. This theory was first made accessible to the English-speaking public by Daniels (*Amer. Jour.* tt. vi. and vii.) and Forsyth (*Quar. Jour.* t. xxii.) Greenhill also, in a work recently published, has developed it alternatively with the older theory. The works of Cayley, too, possess a special value in relation to this point; and, in respect of the general subject, we welcome a recent dissertation by Dr. Forsyth. But to proceed. Chapter IV. is devoted to the discussion in some detail of the expansions for the branches of an algebraic function, the sketching of Cauchy's Theory of Loops, and the explaining of Lüroth's system of grouping of the loops—all this serving as a preparation for the study of Riemann Surfaces for Algebraic Functions. The theorems of Chapter V. relate to functions which are one-valued within certain regions of the  $z$ -plane, bounded by simple or complex contours. The discussion of Riemann Surfaces is next carried out with considerable fulness and success. The succeeding portion of the work is taken up with the setting forth of a singly-periodic function, preparatory to a discussion of the general theory of double periodicity; this, in its turn, being followed by the elaboration of the Double Theta-Functions. The Theta-Functions form an essential part of Riemann's theory of Abelian Integrals, and herein lies their present importance. The basis of Riemann's work is the famous proposition known amongst Continental mathematicians as Dirichlet's Principle or Problem. This is consequently exhaustively wrought out in Chapter IX., so that the ground is thus cleared for the elaboration of Abelian Integrals in their several manifestations.

The authors have succeeded in the full presentation of the standard parts of the subject, with certain exceptions, which are duly set forth. In Chapter II. the theory of real functions of a real variable is given only so far as the plan of the work suggests and allows. In the account of Abelian Integrals the student has but the leading lines of a very prolific subject presented to him, but these are set forth with simplicity and directness. The auto-morphic functions are advisedly passed over, but, at the same time, indications are given which are sufficient to lead the reader to works calculated to satisfy his inquiries into the possible extensions of the theorems involved. The directions at the conclusion of the several chapters are exceedingly useful. It must be noted that certain examples are provided at the close of the volume. Students will be materially assisted by the glossary giving the principal technical terms employed by German and French writers, followed by the adopted equivalents. With the general index will likewise be found, at the conclusion, a table of references to various mathematicians consulted or named.

The presentation of the subject is excellent so far also as the type and diagrams are concerned.

#### MOLTKE'S MEMOIRS.\*

**M**OLTKE was so great a man, and filled so amply a life extended beyond the ordinary limit, that everything which fell deliberately from him must be of interest, if not of direct value, to us. "Der groasse Schweiger," like his prototype, our own Wellington, was careful never to speak or write but on subjects with which he was perfectly familiar, and even then

never uttered one word more than was absolutely necessary to the purpose he had in hand. There is an interesting anecdote which tells us how at the banquets which his official position compelled him to give on the Emperor's birthday he never exceeded eight or nine words in proposing the toast of the evening, and so well was this recognized that bets were made when the anniversary came round as to whether the words made use of would amount to nine or only to eight! When words were so precious and the brain so full, it will be imagined that what we are given must be something very choice indeed. But the man who could be silent in seven languages was usually only roused to utterance when matters in which he had an official interest were discussed, and consequently the speeches hardly appeal to foreigners in the same manner as they may have done to those who listened to them. A feeling of disappointment will, therefore, be experienced in taking up this portion of the book, and it will scarcely be lessened when the larger and apparently more interesting volume which contains the essays is consulted. These comprise reprints of pamphlets written so far back as 1831 in the case of one on "Holland and Belgium," and of 1832 in that of one on "Poland." Considering the share Moltke had in the events of 1870-71, his essay on the "Western Boundary," which comes next, cannot fail to attract; but its value is largely discounted by the fact that it was written in 1841, and that it is coloured by a somewhat heated partisanship such as was absent from the maturer efforts of the great soldier. The essays on the Eastern question, also published originally about this latter period, are similarly rather of antiquarian and personal (as showing the kindly and sympathetic views held by the writer towards Austria) than of political interest, and will scarcely seriously influence our views on the problems which confront us to-day. But, if Moltke's views even of these early dates were presented to us in a readable and intelligible form, they would undoubtedly be read eagerly by all who admire close and careful study of subjects that must have then called for, and do still demand, close attention and thought. Yet it is here, where we have the most right to expect attention and knowledge on the part of the translator, that we are most grievously disappointed, and that we are compelled to throw away in disgust what under other circumstances we should doubtless linger over. The German idioms and long-winded sentences are reproduced in the forbidding style of a schoolboy painfully spelling out his task with a dictionary at his elbow. The meaning of the English words employed is frequently not understood, and errors in punctuation are numerous. Even a hasty glance through this earlier half of the work will illustrate our meaning. On p. 6 we are told that "The monarch united under his sceptre various Netherland provinces which had not been joined since Caesar's time, and were not again until the time of Napoleon." A little further on we read that "There was so much to win that the Prince of Orange could afford to lose one part of that rabble shrieking after pay, which a few days later, nevertheless, he had to give up, because there was lack of gold, and because the whole country was being devastated, while it had not rendered any services for its monstrous costs." It makes us turn uneasily in our chair when we hear that "The very debts of the Government, and these were the only vestiges visible in the country, of so many wars were profitable to individuals." Or, as on p. 65, that "one must assume that those nations which submit to the decisions of the majority (and this is, of course, the case to-day, without which we cannot think of a state), that those, at least once in their history, unanimously determined to recognize the majority as an authority, and that the abrogation of the necessary agreement of all must be the last act of this unanimity in order to seem to be justly established." Again, when on p. 28 we read that a document was written on "pergament" we feel that our translator, while he might know German, does certainly not know English. We are confirmed in our opinion when we are told on p. 271 that the "descendants of the Arnautian Gunckarger" are not encircled with a religious nimbus, and finally are scarcely astonished when we come across such a barbarism as "hostilize" (p. 220). In the face of such examples, chosen at random, it is hardly necessary to quote further instances of inefficiency, but we must add one more gem (p. 31) ere we quit this portion of our task. "Certainly, a prince fond of war must have been more congenial to the nobility, although they felt that they were very much in the background, than the corps of high-mightinesses, and furthermore the common man, accustomed to his earls and custodians from by-gone and happier days, loved the brilliancy and pomp of a liberal, princely lord, who distributed honours and favours, while the States issued the writs only for taxes and duties." While, however, we feel it our duty to censure the manner in which the feast has been spread

\* *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke.* The Essays translated by Charles Flint McClumpha, Ph.D.; the Speeches by Major C. Barter, D.A.A.G.; and the Memoirs by Mary Herms. 2 vols. London: Osgood, Melville, & Co. 1893.



before us, we would except from our condemnation the work of Major Barter and Mary Herms. The speeches, whatever may be thought of the matter they contain, are at any rate perfectly readable and intelligible.

So, too, are the Memoirs; and these latter are, moreover, so exceedingly interesting that we can only regret that we have not been given more of them. As regards the information—which, in spite of the difficulties of the task, some will, no doubt, try to derive from the most important portion of this book—it will be found that it will be of very unequal value. "Holland and Belgium" shows industry and depth of thought unusual and most meritorious in a young officer, but will scarcely interest us as it may have interested his contemporaries. The views expressed on "Poland" also display careful and painstaking study and research; but they lack judicial breadth and calmness, and bear about them unmistakable signs of the crudeness of youth. We are told that the great Field-Marshal only charily acknowledged his authorship of this essay when questioned on the subject in 1873, and added that he "counted the article also amongst the inexhaustible chaff" which had been heaped up round the Polish question. He desired, then, that it should be committed to oblivion. We are informed that, in spite of this, it is published again "because of the good reasons stated in the preface to this volume." We have consulted the preface, and fail to find any reasons, either good or otherwise, put forward. The article on the "Western Boundary" is of the greatest general interest, but is also marred by many of the faults which disfigure that on "Poland." No doubt the logic may be sound, and a conscientious regard to arrive at true historical facts on the part of the writer may be apparent. A very strong—and, occasionally, almost rabid—anti-French prejudice is unfortunately, however, very apparent also; and the repose which dignified Moltke in his later years is, unhappily, absent from the pages. French thought, French literature, even French fashions in dress, are unmercifully assailed and sneered at. It is admitted that they held the victors of the Seven Years' War captive, and that Germany, mighty in arms, was yet enslaved by French civilization, even as irresistible Rome long ago was held captive by Greek art. Surely ideas which had such an overpowering influence must have had something in them meriting more than mere contempt, and France may not unfairly boast that, undefeated though Frederick might have shown himself in the field, he could not resist the seductions of Voltaire.

The essay on "Railway Routes," which follows next, will raise Moltke far higher in the reader's eyes than this. The immense patience he must have bestowed on the study of the subject is apparent in every line, and the marvellous technical knowledge displayed will astonish those who are not already aware of the wide range of study traversed by him. We are forced to admire the quick insight with which a young major foresaw the importance of the new invention, its value to the State, and its significance both as regards public economy and strategical possibilities. Fifty years ago when these pages were written only a very few intelligent and broad-minded men were sympathetically disposed towards railways—that is to say, as far at least as Germany was concerned. The keen penetration which enabled a young man to grasp at once all that the innovation might bring with it is sufficiently remarkable; but, as we have said, the practical knowledge of a subject as yet far removed from his own profession strikes us even more forcibly. A railway engineer could not more closely discuss the construction of the locomotive, nor more correctly estimate its efficiency. The exposition of the principles which underlie the building of the line, and its management when completed, might even now be read with advantage by designers and traffic managers; while the statistical examination of the workings of lines already constructed shows a complete grasp of financial considerations. It is only after reading an essay such as this that we can thoroughly appreciate how great and multifarious a man the conqueror of France was. The mind which could range so far and yet patiently hover so long over minute details was the very one to form mighty combinations, and ensure their success by a close calculation as to the smallest details of their performance. We are, in fact, here supplied with another illustration of the capacity for taking infinite pains which has been said to constitute genius. If, however, we are compelled to admire intellect as we look through the essays and speeches, we are drawn even more forcibly to venerate the moral side of the man when we read the personal anecdotes contributed from various sources which close the volume. Modesty, simplicity, and singleness of purpose stand out unmistakably in every line. The man who had made history after a fashion unequalled since the commencement of the century could rarely be induced to speak of his performances, and knew how to be temperate when other men were intoxicated with triumph. We

are told of a man beloved as well as respected, and admired for his virtues as much as for his achievements. In an age given to self-advertisement and bluster, it is refreshing to read of this kind of popular hero, and of such success. Washington, and Lee, and Wellington possessed the same characteristics, and Moltke will go down to history in company with these, as one whose first thought was not for himself, but for his duty and his God.

#### SIR W. JENNER'S ESSAYS.\*

**R**ETIREMENT from the active duties of his profession has enabled Sir William Jenner to comply with the wishes of his medical friends, and do justice to his own position among them, by collecting into one volume the various lectures and essays which he has written and delivered during a long career as a teacher and physician to a London hospital and as a popular Court physician. Honourable and responsible as is the position of a Court physician, Sir William Jenner's status in the profession of which he has for so long a time been the leading member will be chiefly associated with his early investigations into the nature of continued fevers and the differentiation of typhoid, typhus, and relapsing fevers one from another.

Although Sir William Jenner met with a good deal of criticism and opposition from his confrères when he first announced his views in his essay in the *Edinburgh Journal of Medical Sciences*, and in the paper he read before the London Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society in 1849, they have now become matters of almost ancient history in relation to modern medicine, and it is doubtful whether the medical student of the present day who finds them embodied in his text-books knows how comparatively recent our knowledge of the various forms of continued fever is, and who was the first to make it known. The book before us is, therefore, for the most part a chapter in the history of modern medicine, and its value to us consists chiefly in the admirable method of investigation followed by the author, and the practical hints which it contains on the subject of the treatment of fevers and diphtheria in the various forms they assume under different conditions and in persons of different constitutions. The book is essentially a practical physician's book, and deals with actual diseases and their removal, and not with their prevention by hygienic measures.

The immediate value of the Lectures and Essays both to the medical practitioner and the student is in the method of investigating obscure medical problems adopted and inculcated by their author, and we give, therefore, the following extract as an example of the genius of the author and the usefulness of the work to the student in this respect:—

'The method I have adopted, however prolix it may be, however difficult to conform to, however tedious the details into which it leads, has this advantage, that if the observer be honest and capable of noting what is before him, thinking men may judge of the value of his facts, the force of his reasoning, and the correctness of his conclusions; whereas, general observations, while they are totally incapable of proving anything, are exposed to all the fallacies of definite statements, because the one, like the other, rests ultimately on the accuracy of the facts observed. If the observations, on which any reasoning is founded, be erroneous, no cloaking of these observations in general terms can render the conclusion correct. . . . The more complicated the problem to be solved the more careful ought we to be that every step in its solution is made correctly. How complex questions such as arise in medicine are to be determined mentally—i.e. without the aid of figures—by ordinary men I am at a loss to conceive. Yet physicians think to solve by mental reveries problems in comparison with which the most difficult that the most renowned mental calculator ever answered were mere child's-play; and not only do they think to solve these problems, but to carry in their minds for years the complicated materials by which they are to be solved.'

This extract should convince the layman who may read it that the reputations of medical men like Sir William Jenner are based on the solid foundations of hard labour in observing and collecting facts, and a sound judgment in arriving at safe conclusions from them; and should convince him of the worthlessness of the amateur doctoring and quackery which is becoming day by day more and more rampant among us. Educated medical practitioners will know how to appreciate this volume of essays from the personal intercourse so many of them have had with the writer in times of great professional difficulty and anxiety, and from the high reputation his work possesses wherever medicine is studied and practised, in this or other countries.

\* *Lectures and Essays on Fevers and Diphtheria, 1849 to 1879.* By Sir William Jenner, Bart., G.C.B. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co. 1893.

## RECENT VERSE.\*

IN the golden realm of poetry there is one wide expanse dedicated to divine songs and spiritual. It may be described as a federation of many goodly States and kingdoms, great and small, very unequal in endowment, yet owning one common bond of unity. Some are rich in the poetic qualities, according to the Miltonic definition; others are strong in religious fervour and sentiment. The wide expanse is wide enough to comprehend within its borders poets so diverse as Spenser and Jonson, Herrick and Vaughan, Herbert and Cowper; and hymn-writers of such various poetic quality as Keble and Newman, Heber and Faber, Charles Wesley and Montgomery. The divine song may be divine in the secular sense and in the sacred; of one or of both kinds. The hymn may take a doctrinal colouring—Anglican, Catholic, Moravian, Pietist—or have no such colouring at all; and yet both descriptions of song may be effulgent in some measure with the "light that is colourless yet colours all things." But higher in kind, and rarer, is the divine song that is the perfect mean of the two extremes indicated, the work of the singer who can claim in Cowley's words

The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;

whose song, like Mozart's music, admits of no arbitrary division of secular and sacred, and no distinction of hymn, as now understood, and spiritual song. Spenser's "Hymn to Heavenly Love" will occur to everybody as an example of this kind. Miss Christina Rossetti's divine songs must be classed with such. Some twenty years since the poetess published in a little volume of exquisite imaginative lyrics a few poems of a religious tone, that revealed the clear affinity to the poet whom Cowley addressed as "Poet and Saint." Among these we recall, for instance, "The Martyrs' Song." Songs so noble in music, so glowing with lyric rapture, as these have not enriched English devotional poetry since the death of Crashaw. Miss Rossetti's new volume, if less distinguished than those earlier poems by the exaltation of ecstatic note, is not less akin to the higher manifestations of spiritual song. The ardours of the lyrist are more subdued, in accordance with the scheme of the various devotional books from which the poems are reprinted. It is with Herbert, rather than with Crashaw, and perhaps with the Silurist, though less strikingly, that the kinship of the poetess with the chiefs of divine song is most suggested in the book modestly entitled *Verses*. The volume is made up of brief songs, or of sonnets, divided into various sections. In the second section, "Christ our All in All," the colloquy, "Lord, what have I that I may offer Thee?" is quite in the spirit of the author of the *Temple*; and so also is the quaint meditation, "Piteous my rhyme is," in the next section—"Some Feasts and Fasts"—which is a kind of calendar like the *Christian Year*. In the next division—"Gifts and Graces"—we note the characteristic appeal, "Tune me, O Lord, into one harmony," as truly Rossetian. Then follow songs of the world's vanity and of self-destruction, and meditations of time and eternity, of which last we give an example:—

Earth has clear call of daily bells,  
A chance-vault of gloom and star,  
A rapture where the anthems are,  
A thunder where the organ swells.  
Alas! man's daily life—what else?—  
Is out of tune with daily bells.  
While Paradise accords the chimes  
Of Earth and Heaven, its patient pause  
Is rest fulfilling music's laws.  
Saints sit and gaze where oftentimes  
Precursive flush of morning climbs,  
And air vibrates with coming chimes

And here, too, is a little song the beauty and grace of which are purely Rossetian:—

Heartsease I found where Love-lies-bleeding  
Empurpled all the ground;  
Whatever flower I missed unheeding,  
Heartsease I found.

\* *Verses*. By Christina G. Rossetti. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1893.

*Poems*. By Arthur Christopher Benson. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane. 1893.

*Idyls of Love and Life*. By Edith C. Adams. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1893.

*Footsteps of the Gods; and other Poems*. By Elinor Sweetman. London: Bell & Sons. 1893.

*Flowers from Oversea*. By Maude Robertson-Hicks. Rugby: George E. Over. 1893.

*Perseus with the Hesperides*. By Bryan Charles Waller. London: Bell & Sons. 1893.

*Songs of the Common Day and Eve!* By Charles G. D. Roberts. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

*Little New World Idyls*. By John James Platt. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

Yet still my garden mound  
Stood sore in need of watering, weeding,  
And binding growths unbound.

Ah, when shades fell to light succeeding,  
I scarcely dared look round;  
"Love-lies-bleeding" was all my pleading,  
Heartsease I found.

Mr. Arthur Benson deprecates what he calls "the feverish tendency" among writers nowadays "to be artist first." We agree with Mr. Benson. If there be such a tendency, however, it is far more likely to afflict the verser—that painful, self-conscious creature—than to infect the poet. The most artistic poets of the century—Keats and Lord Tennyson—were certainly not "artists first." Two of the greatest of poets—Burns and Byron—were at no moment of their careers artists at all; yet of the one, as of the other, the verdict of the world is, "And still we love the language of his heart." Heart, after all, is better than art, or dogma, or theory, which, wanting its controlling influence, are productive of a kind of poetic green-sickness common enough at this time. Then Mr. Benson falls upon the critics, not logically, it seems to us. He complains that they "sit in Parnassus itself," which is certainly suggestive of high places for critics. But what would he have? If the poets of the day are all bent upon being "artists first," why should not the critics aim as high? It is better that the critic of poetry should judge from that good eminence—according to Jonson, it is there he should be—than that he should occupy a lower place in the disenchanting air of the workaday world. In "sad rebellion," however, against the tendencies of writers and critics, Mr. Benson turns him to life, and simple facts, and quiet experiences, reminding us that the poet Gray once said that the worst verse ever written is better than the best criticism ever printed upon it. Possibly Gray meant no more than this, that the best criticism was wasted upon the worst verse, and the best criticism of the best verse was not what he needed. Between the best and the worst Mr. Benson's verse hovers like a star. It makes "no claim to be a coherent philosophy," for which we are thankful. It eschews "burning questions," the "mysteries of Home Rule," the "promises of Socialism," and is concerned with restful things, for which we are doubly grateful. What is better, Mr. Benson's poems do not falsify the augury of his interesting preface. The stanzas (94-106) on Cowper, Collins, Gray, and Gilbert White are sympathetically attuned to their various themes. Culture and taste are well-defined qualities of Mr. Benson's poetry, and highly agreeable. In his treatment of simple facts of nature, and the experience of living with nature, as in "Fritillaries," "In the Pinewood," and similar examples, Mr. Benson reveals genuine poetic insight, reading meanings in ordinary things that touch us with the felicity, as well as the surprise, of poetic interpretation. It is a delicate operation to extract "the moral shut within the bosom of the rose," yet Mr. Benson, it must be owned, excels in the art, and has garnered the "harvest of a quiet eye" with distinctly happy results.

Miss Adams has not invested her *Idyls of Love and Life* with the idyllic character, pure and simple. Here, for example, is anything but a blithe prospect of the poet's lot—"Poet's Portion," according to the writer:—

To feel every prompting of pleasure,  
To know every pulsing of pain—  
To dream of Life's happiest measure,  
And find all her promises vain.

To weave and unweave, and to weary  
Of efforts that fade into air;  
To know Hope of all things most dreary,  
To paint her—of all things most fair.

Clearly, if the poet is born into a golden clime, the clime is of his own creating. But Miss Adams offers a truer estimate of the poet's function in the pretty stanzas on "The Gift of Song," and sings herself, as emulative of the lark in that song, in a crystal-clear strain with refreshing sincerity and some happy touches of fancy.

In "Footsteps of the Gods," the opening poem of her slim volume, Miss Sweetman is inspired by a theme which has attracted not a few poets since Keats wrote his sonnet "Glory and Loveliness have passed away." Still, to the poet the gods themselves return with the reviving year, and the voices of the universal Pan make music in the woodlands. Or, as another poet has it, "even at this day"

'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er is great,  
And Venus everything that's fair.

Miss Sweetman shows much sympathy and grace in her poetic vision of the birth of spring and the re-entering of the gods into



their ancient possessions. Of the sonnets in the volume we note the last, as one more example of a sonnet "On the Sonnet," and one that is decidedly not the least pleasing and ingenious of the kind. In "The Lost Dream" and "My Love and I went Maying" we have songs that can scarcely fail to charm, so true, yet simple, is their appeal to ears attuned to unforced singing. Different in style, as in subject, is "The Silent Knight," a poem that is sufficient in scope and development to serve as a test of the writer's invention and skill. Every form of narrative in verse has its difficulties, and in this poem Miss Sweetman has successfully treated that which deals with a legend, perhaps the most difficult of all forms of narrative. Occasionally, it may be noted, the writer falls into an excess of metaphor, as in the verses—

The Autumn world was in its agony, &c.

But with young poets the way of hyperbole is apt to be slippery. The poem, however, is effectively presented as a narrative, and the romantic element, which pervades the poem as colour and atmosphere may, is handled in a congenial spirit.

*Flowers from Oversea* is a dainty little book to look on, and type, paper, and binding of pale blue and white are in perfect accord with the extremely dainty, not to say ethereal, character of the lyrics within it. There is a slightness, a delicacy of texture in these songs that seems to forbid any attempt to analyse their charm. The bare thought of dissection might call down upon us the opprobrious epithet of "philosopher—a fingering slave." They are flower-like, or flowers of the papilionaceous order, not to be curiously handled, and of a pleasing, yet somewhat volatile, fragrance. We must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting the first of the musical stanzas entitled "April":—

Month in whose arms I would slumber, and, sleeping,  
Smile in thy smiling, and weep in thy weeping;  
Haply carest of thee, close to the breast of thee  
Creeping!

Mr. Bryan Charles Waller, whose kinship with three English poets is announced in the dedication of his *Perseus with the Heperides*, has written a long poem, which, like most long poems, presents a good deal of inequality of execution. Since Homer sometimes slept, as the ancient critic observes, small wonder is there that Mr. Waller should flag at times. We have read his *Perseus* with not a little interest, and with some pleasure. It has its fine passages—some well-sustained—and of felicities of diction it is by no means destitute. All long poems, that are poems in truth, offer a wide field and various, wherein some solace lies, and some point of sojourning, for readers of the most diverse tastes, though not all may be agreed as to where lies their land of Beulah, or where their Delectable Mountains. Thus it seems to us that Mr. Waller writes with more power and inspiration in Book II., and in the scenes with Atlas (Books IV. and VIII.) than in other portions of the poem.

*Songs of the Common Day*, and an "Ode for the Shelley Centenary," are by Mr. Roberts, a Canadian poet whose name must be known to most readers of contemporary verse, both as a writer and as the editor of a capital selection of the poetry of the Dominion. In the present volume we find some sonnets reprinted from a previous book, which we commended on its appearance. These sonnets, now added to others to complete a series that deals with "aspects of common outdoor life," constitute the most original and attractive portion of the book. Reading this round of sonnets, we realize unconsciously the operation suggested by Coleridge's delightful verse:—

My eyes make pictures when they are shut.

Curiously vivid and complete, like highly finished vignettes, are the scenes evoked by these admirable little poems. In his Shelleyan Ode Mr. Roberts is not altogether so happy. The poem would gain considerably were some of the stanzas—such as xxviii., with its painful opening rhyme—excised.

Mr. Piatt delights also in the common aspects of outdoor life; but he subjects the objects presented to the transmuting influence of fancy and arrays them in quaint terms of speech. His poem "To a Rattlesnake on the Prairie," for instance, and the curious stanzas, "Through a Window Pane," in *Little New World Idyls*, have more of oddity than beauty. There is much less in the book of the atmosphere of the Ohio valley and the prairies than in the author's previous volume, and we are sensible of a want of the verve and freshness that distinguished the *Lyrics and Idyls of the Ohio Valley*.

#### AMERICAN RAILROADS AND BRITISH INVESTORS.\*

A YEAR ago we noticed a large volume by Mr. Van Oss on *American Railroads as Investments*. We then expressed

\* *American Railroads and British Investors*. By S. F. Van Oss. London: Effingham Wilson & Co. 1893.

the opinion that, while the idea of the book was an excellent one, the execution was about as bad as it could possibly be. We now learn that it has been "favourably reviewed by more than 150 newspapers," a fact which confirms us in our belief that American railroads as investments are a subject on which the British public stands in great need of education.

Mr. Van Oss is still somewhat shaky in his grammar. "Liberalism, encouragement, and confidence was," he tells us, "abused in many instances"; "perfection continues, and the higher the level it reaches"; "the immense systems of to-day are not cowed or cowed as easily as were the small lines of the past"; "the legislatures seem all but"—he means "anything but"—"friendly"; "this, as well as the amelioration of business morality in general, were additional remedies"; and so on. He has no more idea, apparently, of the difference between State and Federal jurisdiction than an ordinary Gladstonian M.P., and talks airily about railway Companies carrying "cases before any of the Upper Courts." From the context he seems to mean by "upper" "federal." One wonders what a judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court would think of such a title given to the judge of a United States District Court in, say, Wyoming or Colorado. "In August 1892," says Mr. Van Oss, "a decision was given in the U. S. Circuit Court in Texas, according to which the establishment of obligatory rates by State Railroad Commissioners is not a due process of law within the scope and meaning of the Constitution of the United States." Of course the Texas Circuit Court decided nothing of the kind. In face of one of the most famous decisions ever given by the Supreme Court at Washington, *Munn v. Illinois*, which decided precisely the contrary, it was, indeed, hardly likely to do so. To give one or two samples of Mr. Van Oss's accuracy in plain matters of fact. He speaks of "moderate writers like Professor T. R. Ely of Yale College." Professor Ely is not of Yale College, but of the Johns Hopkins University; his initials are not T. R., but R. T.; nor is he usually regarded as a moderate writer. It is not true that "large waggons of 60,000 lbs. capacity are in universal use." Waggons of this size have been freely built of late years, but the great bulk of the stock is still of an older and much smaller pattern. To say that American locomotives "use a trifle less fuel than ours" is to talk at random. The exact contrary is notoriously the case. Mr. Van Oss declares that a railway manager can, "except in some of the New England States, introduce as few or as many safety appliances as he thinks desirable, and charge whatever rates he deems best." The fact is that, from Maine to Texas, and from Georgia to California, there is hardly a State in the Union which has not legislated on these subjects, while more than thirty different States have established Railway Commissions whose main function is to see that the railways conform to the requirements of this legislation.

It is not so easy to give in a few lines samples of Mr. Van Oss's economic creed. So let one instance suffice to prove its eclectic character. The subject which he himself elaborates most thoroughly, and returns to most often, is the question of "pools," or agreements for the division of competitive traffic in fixed proportions. Here is a syllabus of Mr. Van Oss's teaching on the point. "By means of pools . . . the railways inaugurated an era of commercial demoralization . . . probably without a parallel in the commercial annals of any nation" (p. 5). "Pools deprived the community of the benefit of free competition, the soul of trade" (p. 8). "A pool is a conspiracy of railroads" (p. 81). "In theory pooling is no bad thing" (p. 17). "The public has seen that a moderate amount of pooling is inseparable from railway business" (p. 13). It is to be trusted that the would-be investor, with the help of these lucid and consistent observations, will have no difficulty in understanding the question of pooling.

#### ENGLISH COUNTRY SONGS.\*

THERE is scarcely anything that might be urged against the editing of this collection of old and popular songs by the most rigid of purists, excepting that the title is somewhat inexact, and that some few of the songs are neither particularly beautiful nor particularly attractive on other grounds. With respect to the inequality of merit these songs present, it amounts to no more than might be expected of a gathering that numbers more than one hundred and fifty examples. The disparity, indeed, does not strike us as being greater than that exhibited by Mr. Baring-Gould's well-known *Songs of the West*. As to the title, it might have been better to have styled the book *English Country Songs*, for such they literally are—songs common to the country, widely

\* *English County Songs*. Words and Music. Selected and arranged by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland. London: Leadenhall Press; New York: Scribner's Sons. 1893.

distributed through the country, and once universally voiced by countryfolk. Some of the melodies that are clearly of southern origin were claimed for northern counties, as Mr. Maitland observes, which supports Mr. Baring-Gould's contention that some so-called Scottish songs are naturalized, or "conveyed," English melodies. There is no doubt that within the last two centuries—the seventeenth and eighteenth—these songs travelled far and wide, and it is by no means easy to localize the district of their origin. The people of Bedfordshire may not be so deeply imbued with "clannish" sentiment as the natives of Cornwall, or Yorkshire, or Devon, or Kent, yet it may be some consolation for them to be assured that there is no earthly reason why Bedfordshire should draw a blank in the present collection. It is hardly possible but that some of the songs ascribed to adjacent counties may be claimed for this county; and it is at least probable that one popular song, if not more, may yet be discovered to be due to each of the unrepresented counties in this collection. For we are glad to find that, should this present enterprise be accorded the recognition it most richly deserves, the editors propose to put forth a second instalment of *English County Songs*. They ought to receive ample encouragement from all who are interested in English song, whether as literature or as music. The accompaniments they have written to the songs are sufficient and sympathetic. Indeed, the skill and taste shown in this important matter merit high commendation. The melodies are left untouched, though, in some instances, they differ from versions included in the collections of Chappell and others. Some are tolerably familiar, and many are now published for the first time, some of which were taken down by the editors from the local singers, and others by their numerous friendly assistants in various parts of the country. Some of the songs—like the Worcestershire song "Sweet William," charming in melody and in words—are still popular and much sung. It is to be feared, however, that these are rare exceptions. Old people may recall the days when such songs were the common property of all and heard everywhere. Now they are almost extinguished by the blatant ditties of the music-hall, and will undoubtedly pass away entirely from the memory of the people, just as the still lingering dialects of the country are fated to be supplanted by the English of the Board Schools. Space would not permit us to notice the many beautiful songs in the present volume, such as the delightful Hampshire song "My bonnie, bonnie boy," the exquisite sea-song "My Johnny was a Shoemaker," and many another, not to mention those songs that appeal to the antiquarian spirit, especially the children's songs and carols. We should like further and better particulars of the statement that a version of the very remarkable "Twelve Apostles" song (*Green Grow the Rushes O!*) is "known at Eton." To whom? It is certainly an old "king's" song, as the editors mention. Altogether the editors have done their work admirably in this interesting collection of popular and traditional song.

#### A NEW PRINT.

IT is now many years since a large engraving appeared of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." Messrs. Virtue & Co. have just issued a small plate from the same picture, engraved by Messrs. Lizars & Greatbach. It is to be used as a frontispiece to the *Art Annual*, which this year contains an account of the life and work of Mr. Hunt. The picture is too well known to need description. The composition, if it can be called composition, is crowded in every part, but divides itself into two separate groups, that of the Holy Family at one side, and that of the crouching "doctors of the law" at the other. The difficulties of giving anything like keeping to such a picture must have been very great. Messrs. Virtue, in a note, refer to the approaching extinction of the art of line-engraving, but the print before us shows no sign of decadence; indeed, on the contrary, it has merits which were not to be seen in the larger engraving. Another thing is to be commended in these days of enormous plates—it only measures ten inches by six.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH the Man in the Iron Mask (1) is probably of those whom we shall always have with us, interest in him has, perhaps, a little declined of late. Those not foolish of persons who, in the unimportant parts of history, prefer genius

and fiction to stupidity and fact have their Marchiali identified for them once for all in *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*; the others have abundant choice in Vermandois and Monmouth, and Fouquet and Mattioli, and General Yung's prisoner, and the rest; the purely critical can sleep satisfied on M. Loiseleur's admirably destructive criticism of everybody. But if anybody still cares, and if Commandant Bazerie's solution of a yet unsolved figure-cypher in two despatches of Louvois to Catinat be right, the mystery is practically at an end. The Man in the Iron Mask is shown, by a very ingenious piecing together of positive evidence, with only one thing that seems to us serious on the other side, to be a certain Lieutenant-General de Bulonde, who was struck with panic at Coni in 1691, and raised the siege in a way which is known to have infuriated the King, and resulted in his own incarceration at Pignerol. This, we say, was known before, and unless M. Bazerie's cypher solution can be upset or the cyphered document itself proved unauthentic, we now have the order under Louvois's hand to keep him masked by daylight during his detention. The curious may be referred to the working out of the theory, and we need only add that the one difficulty is the statement of the admittedly careful historian Pinard, that Bulonde, though Pinard did not know what became of him or when he died, "was still alive in 1708." Now it is known that the Man in the Mask died five years earlier. On this the incredulous, or those who pin their faith elsewhere, will, of course, fasten. Meanwhile the new discovery is interesting, and it certainly, besides intrinsic merit, has two strong extrinsic recommendations. It is quite in accordance with the negative conclusions of that most cautious and clear-headed of critics in obscure biographical inquiry, M. Loiseleur; and it fulfils exactly the reported remark of Louis XV. on the subject:—"If you knew who it was, you would find it not in the least interesting."

Those who wept bitter tears when "mon bon maître," the Abbé Jérôme Coignard (2), fell on the Lyons Road by the hands of an accursed Ebrew Jew, will be delighted to hear that, being dead, he yet speaketh by the accustomed channel (it is of course a channel merely) of M. Anatole France. Perhaps they may have liked him better when he enlivened the pages of pure romance than when, as now, expressing his opinions on things and persons in the early eighteenth century, he seems to criticize those of the late nineteenth. The "Astaracienne" and the cabaret where that reckless young officer revelled with Catherine, the evasive and faithless Jewess and her sinister uncle, were better scenes and company than mere booksellers' shops and river-banks, than M. Rochefort (we beg pardon, "Rockstrong"), and a late Minister who had colonial designs. Yet the benign philosophy of the Abbé is over all, and occasionally, when we are permitted to meet at the hospitable board of the Reine Pédaque once more, or to forgoth with that naughty Catherine in the churchyard of Saint-Benoît le Bétourné, the old charm is at its full. Moreover, M. France (that is to say, of course, M. Jacques Ménétrier, surnamed Tournebroke) develops still more fully and boldly the Epicurean Christianity of the Abbé, which, whether it be a workable life-philosophy or not, most assuredly furnishes a most admirable standpoint for sarcastic, yet not savage, criticism of politics and other things. And, as for the style, there is probably no one but M. France (we mean the astonishing cook's boy and bookseller whose MS. he discovered) who could have written this admirable blend of Voltairian-Renanese, with a delicacy and romantic colour that are not Voltaire's and a vigour and virility which are not Renan's.

Of volumes more or less intended for educational purposes we have, in the first place, a considerable parcel of the excellent pattern-books of the "Bibliothèque d'éducation artistique," published at sixty centimes each by the Librairie de l'Art, and sold at sixpence in England. These books are due to some of the most distinguished of modern decorative artists, and are extremely various in style and subject. M. A. de Saint-Aubin's *Motifs décoratifs* are of the most miscellaneous kinds, but chiefly masks or medallions; while under the same title M. Habert-Dys, in two numbers, deals mainly in birds, with a few flower and figure pieces; and M. J.-J.-F. Le Barbier in a strongly eighteenth-century type of allegorical and classical decoration. "Alphabets" are supplied by Signor Mitelli, and by MM. Habert-Dys (three numbers), Preisler, Ehrmann, and De Bry. In two of his numbers M. Habert-Dys adopts much the same style as that above noted, but in the third he surrounds his letters (which are posed on a black background) with elaborate scroll-work or architectural framings. M. Ehrmann utilizes the human figure (not too much clothed) throughout, and has executed some extremely imaginative and ingenious

(1) *Le masque de fer*. Par Emile Burgaud et Commandant Bazerie. Paris: Firmin Didot.

(2) *Les opinions de l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard*. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.



designs with its aid. In his work, however, the figures decorate the letters; in Signor Mitelli's they help to form them. M. de Bry whelms the letter in a cloud of flourish and arabesque, with figures also; while M. Preisler, almost alone of the batch, has a chance of going to the Mohammedan Paradise, for it is only very rarely that he draws anything from a living original.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate have brought out their well-known series of French classics in a new and cheaper form, of which two examples, the *Misanthrope* and the *Fourberies de Scapin*, both by M. Clarke, are before us. In paper covers each piece is now only sixpence, and in boards threepence more.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**O**UR *Ocean Railways* (Chapman & Hall) is the appropriate title of Mr. A. Fraser-Macdonald's history of the rise, progress, and development of steam navigation, a book that treats of an interesting subject in an interesting style. If we consider the distances run, the speed attained, the regularity of the running, and other points of comparison, our great ocean steamship lines may well be termed ocean railways. Like the land railways, they have their time-tables—their time-keeping being not the least wonderful results of progress—and they publish the annual mileage of their various routes. Thus the vessels of the P. & O. steamed in 1887 no less than 2,317,654 miles, and consumed coals valued at 449,588*l.* The results of competition are far more extraordinary in ocean lines than in land railways. When one line started a "Flying Scotchman," as Mr. Fraser-Macdonald remarks, another line ran a "Flying Dutchman" to beat it. And so the record has gone on. The *Alaska*, built in 1881, was not long allowed to remain "the greyhound of the Atlantic." The *America*, built in 1883, beat her by a trifle over four hours, a very remarkable performance, as the author observes, seeing that her length was considerably shorter and her measurement a thousand tons less. But these examples of speed ten years ago have been completely eclipsed within the last three years. Big ships, as Brunel always insisted, are necessary for the Atlantic traffic, and we have gone on building big ships, until the *Alaska* and the *America* appear small compared with the enormous new Cunarders of to-day. The development of the last ten years is strikingly presented in Mr. Fraser-Macdonald's excellent descriptions of such typical examples as the *Ophir* of the Orient line, the *Teutonic* and *Majestic* of the White Star line, the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris* of the International (Inman) line, the first Atlantic liners with twin screws, and the still greater *Campania* and *Lucania* of the Cunard line, which, besides being the largest and fastest steamers of the day, are classed as armed cruisers. The first Cunarder, the *Britannia* of 1840, took over a fortnight to cross the Atlantic, carried 115 passengers, and burned 47 tons of coal per trip for each passenger. The *Campania* will carry 1,700 passengers and burn only about two and three-quarter tons of coal per passenger. Mr. Fraser-Macdonald's volume embraces something like a century of progress, every phase of which, from the first days of experiment to the present time, is presented in the most instructive light. The subject is treated skilfully and in an historical spirit, while the further illustration supplied by maps, plans, and pictures of old and modern steamships is altogether admirable.

Mr. Fraser-Macdonald is a practical man, and does not waste much space of his capital history in speculating as to the future. He mentions liquid fuel, it is true, in his comments on the endeavours of engineers to economize coal while yet increasing steam-pressure, and he makes one passing reflection on the possible substitution of electricity. But he does not so much as mention the Keely motor, concerning which we have a bulky, yet tantalizing, volume—*Keely and his Discoveries* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—from the enthusiastic pen of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. The omission is not very surprising, since there is nothing known of the Keely motor. We must await, it seems, the report of Professor Dewar before we can be assured that it is time to give up building *Campanias*, and voyage across the Atlantic in aerial ships that fly at the minimum rate of five hundred miles an hour. It is a pity, perhaps, that Sir William Thomson and Lord Rayleigh—or "Raleigh," as Mrs. Moore has it—did not avail themselves of what opportunity they had to study the wondrous experiments of Mr. John Ernst Worrell Keely. But they were deterred, it would seem, by envious or detracting tongues; and thus it is left to Professor Dewar to make what he can of Mr. Keely's grand discovery of "etheric force." Professor Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Mr. James M. Wilcox, however, have visited Mr. Keely's laboratory, and the former has declared that it appeared to him that Mr. Keely had "command of some unknown force of

most wonderful mechanical power." The shareholders of the Keely Motor Company showed less faith than shareholders usually do. They began to talk of fraud, and the directors of the Company fell out with the inventor. They took proceedings in equity against him, and he was committed to prison for contempt. Mr. Keely, as Mrs. Moore says, was "his own worst enemy." He refused to explain the mysterious force he had discovered.

Hence there were many who said there was no mystery to explain. "When suspected of fraud," writes Mrs. Moore, "he acts as if he were a fraud; and, in breaking up his vibratory microscope and other instruments which he had been years in perfecting, at the time he was committed to prison in 1888, he laid himself open to the suspicion that his instruments are but devices with which he cunningly deceives his patrons." Like the shareholders, he was a little impatient. He has since reconstructed his apparatus, and experimented and explained to all who "approached him in the proper spirit." Let us hope that Professor Dewar will approach Mr. Keely in the proper spirit.

*From the Five Rivers*, by Flora Annie Steel (Heinemann), comprises sketches, or short stories, illustrative of the lights and shadows of Hindu society, several of which are marked by much cleverness and something of the dramatic spirit. "Gunesch Chund" and "Suttu" are impressive narratives, and the note of tragic intensity in the first is well sustained. Full of vital power, too, is the interesting sketch called "At a Girls' School." The verse appended to the prose sketches is far less admirable—the lay of "Shurfu the Zaildar," for instance, being too suggestive of some Hindu poet emulative of the example of Mr. G. R. Sims.

The title of Mr. H. D. Lowry's short stories—*Wreckers and Methodists* (Heinemann)—is significant of the scenes and persons of which they tell. Cornish they are, however, not by ascription of the writer, but in fidelity and spirit of representation. The "foreign" carpenter, in "A Day of Rest," who would go a-fishing on a Sunday, contrary to the custom of the natives, may be cited as an illustration of the excellence of Mr. Lowry's studies of Cornish life. The greater part of the rest merits no less commendation. It is a pity, perhaps, that certain of the strongest of these stories, such as "The Crackstone," are scarcely stories at all, but rather motives for fiction.

Something morbid and an atmosphere of gloom distinguish *Stories from Garshin* (Fisher Unwin), translated by E. L. Voynich, with a preface by Stepniak, who contributes a short account of the author's unhappy life. Other English readers than those referred to by Stepniak will find much that is "ghastly" in such sketches as "The Scarlet Flower," a vivid study of a madman in an asylum, and the sketches of military experiences, in which Garshin draws on his own reminiscences of the last Russo-Turkish war. But there is no contesting the power of these pictures of active service.

Commander Claud Harding's story of the slave-trade, *The Captain of the Estrella* (Cassell & Co.), has much diversity of incident and a briskness of movement that carries the well-contented reader buoyantly from start to finish. The hero of the tale, one Bob Hardy, is as lucky as boys would wish heroes to be. He is, altogether, exceptional. When he finds himself elected as chief to a powerful tribe in West Africa, he is not at all dismayed, though he had not quite reached his twenty-first year. But then, 'tis said, he had been accustomed to command men since his childhood. His wondrous exploits are such as become so masterful a spirit. The villain of the piece is also a striking figure—a picturesque villain, and by no means after the ordinary type of such stories.

*The Boy God, Troublesome and Vengeful*, by E. M. Lynch (Fisher Unwin), may be described as an apologue, somewhat reminiscent of *The Princess*. The scene is the Ladies' College at Camelot. In a kind of prologue the senior governess and some of her favourite pupils are presented in the discussion of "floating capital." The debate had rather "flagged," and it is arranged that they should discuss "Love" at their next meeting. That discussion certainly does not flag, as discussion never does flag when all the speakers are absolutely ignorant of the subject discussed. But scraps from the poets and novelists serve as material for the derision of the stern-faced governess and her pretty collegians. It is all extremely scornful and illogical, and not unamusing. Of course the most brilliant of the debaters, the moment they are set free, fall in love and marry.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Baron Montes* (Routledge & Sons), if less daring an essay in fiction than Mr. Barnes's *New York*, is a surprising and thrilling story of intrigue and adventure in Central America and Paris.

Mr. Arthur Innes, under the title *Seers and Singers* (Innes & Co.), treats of the characteristics and points of contrast or agreement of five poets—namely, Wordsworth, Lord Tennyson,

Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, and Mrs. Browning. The conjunction of these names must not be taken as implying any equality of rank. Mr. Innes has much more to say of the late Poet-Laureate and of Mr. Browning than of the remaining three. Indeed, we had thought he had forgotten Mrs. Browning until we neared the last chapter of this "Study of Five Poets." Mr. Innes evidently loves his poets, and his criticism—which is not venturesome, we are glad to note—is appreciative in its way. Those who like reading books about poetry, rather than poetry itself, may find solace and suggestion to interest them in this modest little volume.

The Rev. F. Barham Zincke's parish history, *Wherstead* (Simpkin & Co.), is so greatly enlarged in the second edition as to be in a certain sense a new book. The contrasts between the old order and the new, skilfully suggested in the first edition, are now further accentuated by a retrospective sketch of the Suffolk parish in the days of the Conqueror. "Wherstead in Domesday" is the title of this second portion of Mr. Zincke's history. For the rest, we are glad to note that the first edition is faithfully reprinted; for it is undoubtedly one of the best books of its class, of the kind of parish history that is modelled on the work of Gilbert White.

Sir A. Geikie has published a third edition of his *Text-Book of Geology* (Macmillan & Co.). As stated in the preface, the work has been entirely revised, and some portions have been rewritten. In consequence, the present edition is about a hundred and fifty pages longer than the last one. Several new illustrations are given, some of them being unusually good. The book indicates in every part how thorough the revision has been, and it is brought quite up to date, references often being made to papers hardly more than a few months old. In a subject so full of controversy as geology, the author cannot hope to give universal satisfaction, and exception will, no doubt, be taken to some parts of the book; as, for instance, to the section dealing with metamorphism and certain occasional references to the same subject. Indeed, he appears in this not quite consistent with himself, as may be seen by comparing his account of the north-west of Scotland with his remarks on pp. 611-624. But, generally speaking, the arguments on both sides of controversial questions are fairly stated, and a comparison of the present with the first edition shows that the author is able to modify or abandon even a long-cherished belief. The book is full of valuable information, and the abundant references to geological literature will make it especially useful to more advanced students. Good before, it is now still better.

To the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals (University Press) Mr. H. Woods contributes a volume on *Elementary Palæontology for Geological Students*. In this the invertebrata only are treated. An account is given of the general zoological features of each group (dwelling more especially on the hard parts), followed by a classification and description of those genera in it which are more important to the geologist, and concluding with a sketch of its present and past distribution. The book is clearly and concisely expressed, it conveys much information in a comparatively small compass, and cannot fail to be most useful to the student. Not only will it give him clear ideas on the subject; but with it as a guide he will find his way far more easily about the larger works or special memoirs on Palæontology, to the saving of his time and the increase of his knowledge.

*Graeme and Cyril* (London: Hodder & Stoughton) is a book about two schoolboys, apparently intended for schoolboys. Graeme was industrious and good at games, and ultimately went to Cambridge; but Cyril, who was rather cleverer, took to betting and bad company, and was expelled, and fell down a cave, either by accident or design, and was killed. The author is Mr. Barry Pain, and the work is illustrated, about as well as it deserves, by Mr. Gordon Browne.

Among other new editions of interest we must note the selection from Hakluyt, *Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen to America*, edited by E. J. Payne, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Mrs. Oliphant's charming book of history and reminiscences of travel—*Jerusalem* (Macmillan & Co.); and Colonel Malletson's *History of the French in India*, "carefully compared" and revised (Allen & Co.).

From Mr. John Dicks we have cheap reprints of Gilbert A'Beckett's *Comic History of England*, with Leech's delightful illustrations, and *Complete Poems of Hood*, with Hood's and Cruikshank's drawings, and some others by D. H. Friston of a less congenial humour. Of the *Comic History* and its drollery what need to write a word? As to Leech, let those who cease not to write of Burlesque—what it is, or is not—glance only at "The Discovery of Guy Fawkes." That immortal design should stay

the inquiring impertinent for ever. We have given the second book its rightful title, protesting against that which the publisher gives, *The Complete Poems of Tom Hood*. Hood is the author of these poems. Tom Hood was another person, the son of the poet.

We have also received *Round London*, by the late Montagu Williams, Q.C. (Macmillan & Co.), second edition; *Jerusalem Illustrated*, by G. Robinson Lees, with a preface by Bishop Blyth (Newcastle: Mawson, Swan, & Morgan; London: Gay & Bird), being a new and revised edition; *Jonathan Merle*, a West-country story of the times, by Elizabeth Boyd Bayly (Jarrold & Sons), fifth edition; *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*, by John James Piatt (Longmans & Co.), new edition; *The Chemistry of Fire*, by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Our Reptiles and Batrachians*, by M. C. Cooke, M.A. (Allen & Co.), new and revised edition, with original illustrations; *A Study of Small Holdings*, by William E. Bear (Cassell & Co.); *Curiosa Mathematica*, Part II. "Pillow-Problems," by C. L. Dodgson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *An Essay on Newton's "Principia,"* by W. W. Rouse Ball (Macmillan & Co.); *A Handbook for Mothers*, by Jane H. Walker, M.D. (Longmans & Co.); *Reform in the Treatment of the Insane*, by D. Hack Tuke, M.D. (J. & A. Churchill), being a sketch of the early history of the Retreat at York; *Parochial Self-Government*, by Henry C. Stephens, M.P. (Longmans & Co.), second edition, in cheaper and more convenient form; *The Invaders of Britain*, an introduction to the study of British history, by Preston Weir (Clifton: Baker); *Gleanings from Thoughtland*, by "Fernleaf" (Digby, Long, & Co.); *The Heir of Inglesby*, by "Violetta" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); and *The True Story of a Bull Fight*, by R. St. J. Corbet (Leadenhall Press).

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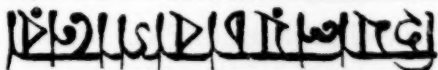
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